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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Looking Glasse for London and England

Made by THOMAS LODGE . . . and ROBERT GREENE

1594

Date of earliest known original edition (Devonshire) 1594

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

A Looking Glasse for London and England

Made by THOMAS LODGE . . . and ROBERT GREENE

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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1598a

A Looking Glasse for London and England

Made by Thomas Lodge . . . and Robert Greene

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This play, staged by Lord Strange's company in March, 1591-2 *(Greene died Sept.,* 1592*) was licensed for press in* 1593-4. *Hazlitt schedules copies of this edition as in the Devonshire, British Museum, and Bridgewater Libraries, &c.: only the Devonshire copy is indexed by Greg, and that was not available for reproduction. I had therefore to fall back on the B. M. copy of the* 1598 *edition, of which there are also two copies in Bodley. Other impressions appeared in* 1602 *and* 1617.

To Lodge has been assigned, in collaboration, several other plays, "with little or no reason" (says Dr. Sidney Lee in D.N.B. [q.v.])

This reproduction from the original is satisfactory and faithfully done.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A LOOKING Glaſſe, for London and Englande.

Made by Thomas Lodge

Gentleman, and *Robert Greene*,

In Artibus Magiſter.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be ſolde by William Barley, at his ſhop in Gratious ſtreete.
1598.

A Looking Glaſſe, For London and England.

Enters *Raſni* king of *Niniue*, with three kings of *Cicilia*, *Creet*, and *Paphlagonia*, from the ouerthrow of *Ieroboam*, King of *Ieruſalem*.

O pace ye on triumphant warriours,
Make Venus Lemnōarmd in al his pomp,
Bath at the brightneſſe of your hardy lokes,
For you the Viceroyes and the Cauaires,
That wait on Raſnies royall mightineſſe:
Boaſt pettie kings, and glorie in your fates,
That ſtars haue made your fortuns clime ſo high,
To giue attend on Raſnies excellency.

Am I not he that rules great Niniue,
Rounded with Lycas ſiluer flowing ſtreames,
Whoſe Citie large Diametri containes,
Euen three daies iournies length from wall to wall,
Two hundreth gates carued out of burniſht braſſe,
As glorious as the portoyle of the Sunne,
And for to decke heauens battlements with pride,
Sir hundreth Towers that topleſſe touch the cloudes:
This Citie is the ſeateſtoole of your King,
Al hundreth Lords do honour at my ſeete,
My ſcepter ſtraineth both the poralels,
And now to t'enlarge the highneſſe of my power,
I haue made Iudeas Monarch flie the field,
And beat proud Ieroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,

Great Iewries God that ſtild ſtout Benhadab,
Could not rebate the ſtrength that Raſni brought,
For be he God in heauen, yet Viceroyes know,
Raſni is God on earth and none but he.

Cicilia. If louely ſhape, feature by natures ſkill,
Paſſing in beautie faire Endymions,
That Luna wrapt within her ſnowy brests,
Or that ſweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,
Tranſformde vnto a purple Hiacynth,
If beautie Nunpareile in excellence,
May make a King match with the Gods in gre,
Raſni is God on earth, and none but he.

Creet. If martiall lokes wrapt in a cloud of wars
More fierce then Mars, lightneth fro his eyes
Sparkling reuenge and dyre diſparagement:
If doughtie deedes more haughtie then any done,
Seald with the ſmile of fortune and of fate,
Matchleſſe to manage Lance and Curteler.
If ſuch high actions grac'd with victories,
May make a King match with the Gods in gre,
Raſni is God on earth, and none but he.

Paphlag. If Pallas wealth.

Raſni. Viceroyes inough, Paphlagon no more,
See where's my ſiſter faire Remilia,
Fairer then was the virgin Dania,
That waits on Venus with a golden ſhow,
She that hath ſtolen the wealth of Raſnes lokes,
And tide his thoughts within her louely locks,
She that is lou'd, and loue vnto your King,
See where ſhe comes to gratulate my fame.

Enters Radagon with Remilia, ſiſter to Raſni, Aluia wife to Paphlagon, and other Ladies, bring a Globe ſeated in a ſhip.

Remilia. Victorious Monarch, ſecond vnto Ioue,
Mars vpon earth, and Neptune on the Seas,

Whose frowne stroyes all the Ocean with a calme,
Whose smile, drawes Flora to display her pride,
Whose eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,
Rasni the Regent of great Niniuie,
For thou hast foyld proud Ieroboams force,
And like the muttering breath of Æolus,
That ouerturnes the pines of Libanon,
Hast scattered Iury and her vpstart gromes,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,
Remilia greets thee with a kinde salute,
And for a present to thy mightinesse,
Gaues thee a Globe folded within a ship,
As King on earth, and Lord of all the Seas,
With such a welcome vnto Niniuie
As may thy sisters humble loue afford.

Rasni. Sister. The title fits not thy degree,
A higher state of honour shall be thine,
The louely Trull that Mercury intrapt,
Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,
And the that basht the sun-god with her eyes,
Faire Semele the choise of Venus maides,
Were not so beauteous as Remilia.
Then sweeting, sister shall not serue the turne,
But Rasnes wife, his Lemnion and his loue.
Thou shalt like Iuno wed thy selfe to Ioue,
And fold me in the riches of thy faire,
Remilia shall be Rasnes Paramour.
For why if I be Mars for warlike deeds,
And though bright Venus for thy cleare aspect,
Why should not from our loynes issue a sonne,
That might be Lord of royall soueraignties
Of twentie worlds, if twentie worlds might be,
What saist Remilia, art thou Rasnes wife?

Remilia. My heart doth swell with fauour of thy thoughts,
The loue of Rasni maketh me as proud
As Iuno when she wore heauens Diadems.

Thy ſiſter borne, was for thy wife by loue,
Had I the riches nature locketh vp,
To decke her darling, beautie when ſhe ſmiles,
Raſni ſhould prancke him in the pride of all.
Raſni. Remelias loue, is farre more either pride,
Then Ieroboams or the worlds ſubdue,
Lordings, ile haue my weddings ſumptuous,
Made glorious with the treaſures of the world,
Ile fetch from Albia ſhelues of Margarites,
And ſtrip the Indies of their Diamonds,
And Tyre ſhall yeeld me tribute of her gold,
To make Remelias wedding glorious,
Ile ſend for all the Damoſell Queenes that liue
Within the reach of Raſnies gouernment,
To wait as hand maides to Remelia,
That her attendant traine may paſſe the troupe
That gloried Venus at her wedding day.
Creete. Oh my Lord, not ſiſter to thy loue,
Tis inceſt and too foule a fact for Kings,
Nature alowes no limits to ſuch luſt. (Lord,
Rada. Preſumptuous Viceroy, darſt thou check thy
Or twit him with the lawes that nature loues,
Is not great Raſni aboue natures reach,
God vpon earth, and all his will is law.
Creet. Oh flatter not, for hatefull is his choiſe,
And ſiſters loue will blemiſh all his worth.
Radag. Hath not the brightneſſe of his maieſtie,
Shadow his deeds from being counted faults.
Raſni Well haſt thou anſwered within Radon,
I like thee for thy learned Sophiſtri,
But thou of Creet, that countercheckſt thy King,
Packe hence in exile, giue Radagon thy Crowns,
Be thee Vicegerent of his royaltie?
And faile me not in what my thoughts may pleaſe,
For from a begger haue I brought thee vp,
And graced thee with the honour of a Crowne,

Loe I haue brought thée vnto Niniuie,
The rich and royall Cittie of the world,
Pampred in wealth, and ouergrowne with pride,
As Sodome and Gomorrha full of sin,
The Lord lokes downe and cannot sée one good,
Not one that couets to obey his will,
But wicked all, from Cradle to the Church.
Note then Oseas all their grieuous sinnes,
And sée the wrath of God that paies reuenge.
And when the ripenesse of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
Ile carrie thée to Iewry, backe againe,
And seate thée in the great Ierusalem,
There shalt thou publish in her open stréetes,
That God sends downe his hatefull wrath for sin,
On such as neuer heard his Prophets speake,
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues,
On such as heare the sweetnesse of his voice,
And yet obey not what his Prophets speake,
Sit thée Oseas pondring in the spirit,
The mightinesse of these fond peoples sinnes,
Oseas. The will of the Lord be done.

Exit. Angell.

Enters the Clowne and his crew of Ruffians, to go to drinke.

Ruffian. Come on Smith, thou shalt be one one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best Ale in the Towne is.

Smith. Come on, in faith my colts, I haue left my M. striking of a heat, and stole away, because I would keep you company.

Clowne. Why, what shall we haue this paltrie Smith with vs?

Smith.

Smith. Paltry Smith, why you incarnatiue knaue, what are you, that you ſpeak pettie treaſon againſt the Smiths trade?

Clowne. Why ſlaue, I am a gentleman of Niniue.

Smith. A Gentleman good ſir, I remember you well and al your progenitors, your father bare office in our towne, an honeſt man he was, and in great diſcredit in the parith, for they beſtowed two ſquires liuings on him, the one was on workingdayes, and then he kept the towne ſtage, and on holidaies they made him the Sextens man, for he whipt dogs out of the Church. Alas ſir, your father, why ſir me-thinks I ſe the Gentleman ſtil, a proper youth he was faith, aged ſome foure & ten, his beard Rats colour, halfe blacke, halfe white, his noſe was in the higheſt degree of noſes, it was noſe Autem glorificam, ſo ſet with Rubies, that after his death it ſhould haue bin nailed vp in Copper-ſmiths hall for a monument. Well ſir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the firſt man that euer inſtructed me in the myſterie of a pot of Ale.

2. Well ſaid Smith, that croſt him ouer the thumbs.

Clowne. Villaine were it not that we goe to be merrie, my rapier ſhould preſently quit thy oppropious termes.
O Peter, Peter, put vp thy ſword I prithie heartily into thy ſcabbard, hold in your rapier, for though I haue not a long reather, I haue a ſhort hitter. Nay then gentlemen ſtay me, for my choller begins to riſe againſt him: for mark the words of a paltry Smith, Oh horrible ſentence, thou haſt in theſe words I will ſtand to it, libelled againſt all the ſound horſes, whole horſes, ſore horſes, Courſers, Curtalls, Jades, Cuts, Hacknies, and Mares: whereupon my friend, in their defence, I giue thee this curſe, thou ſhalt be worth a horſe of thine owne this ſeuen yeare.

1. Clowne. I prithie Smith is your occupation ſo excellent? A paltry Smith, why ile ſtand to it, a Smith is Lord of the foure elements, for our iron is made of the earth, our bellowes blowe out aire, our fire holdes fire, and our forge water. Nay ſir, we reade in the Chronicles, that there was a God of our occupation,

Clowne. I, but he was a Cuckold.

That was the reason sir he cald your father cousin, paltry smith, why in this one word thou hast defaced their worshipful occupation.

Clowne. As how?

Marrie sir I will stand to it, that a Smith in his kinde is a Phisition, a Surgion and a Barber. For let a Horse take a cold, or be troubled with the bots, and we straight giue him a potō or a purgation, in such phisicall maner that he mends straight, if he haue outward diseases, as the spring, splent, ring-bone, windgall or fashion, or sir a galled back, we let him blood & clap a plaister to him with a pestilence, that mends him with a deuise vengeance, now if his mane grow out of order, and he haue any rebellious hairs, we straight to our sheeres and trim him with what cut it please vs, pick his eares and make him neat, marry indeed sir, we are slouens for one thing, we neuer vse any musk-balls to wash him with, & the reason is sir, because he can woe without kissing.

Clowne. Well sirrha, leaue off these praises of a Smyth, and bring vs to the best Ale in the towne.

Now sir I haue a feate aboue all the Smyths in Niniuie, for sir, I am a Philosopher that can dispute of the nature of Ale, for marke you sir, a pot of ale consists of foure parts, Imprimis the Ale, the Toast, the Ginger and the Nutmeg.

Clowne. Excellent.

The Ale is a restorative, bread is a binder, marke you sir two excellent points in phisicke, the Ginger, oh ware of that: the philosophers haue written of the nature of ginger, tis expulsitiue in two degrees, you shal here the sentēce of Galen, it will make a man belch, cough, & fart, and is a great comfort to the heart, a proper poesie I promise you, but now to the noble vertue of the Nutmeg, it is saith one Ballad, I think an English Roman was the authour, an vnderlayer to the braines, for when the Ale giues a buffet to the head, oh the Nutmeg that keepes him for a while in temper.

Thus you see the discription of the vertue of a pot of Ale, now sir

to

to put my philtrall precepts in practise follow me, but afore I step any further.

Clowne. Whats the matter now?

Why seeing I haue prouided the Ale, who is the puruaior for the wenches, for maisters take this of me, a cup of Ale without a wench, why alasse tis like an egge without salt, or a red hering without mustard.

Lead vp to the Ale, well. haue wenches inough I warrant thee.

Osea. Iniquitie seekes out companions still,
And mortall men are armed to do ill:
London looke on, this matter nips thee neere,
Leaue off thy ryot, pride and sumptuous cheere.
Spend lesse at boord, and spare not at the doore,
But aid the infant, and releeue the poore,
Else seeking mercy, being merciles,
Thou be adiudged to endles heauines.

Enters the Vsurer, a yoong Gentleman, and a poore man.

Vsurer. Come on, I am euery day troubled with those needie companions, what newes with you, what wind brings you hither?

Gent. Sir I hope how far soeuer you make it off, you remember too well for me, that this is the day wherein I should pay you money that I toke vp of you alate in a commoditie.

Poore man. And sir, sirreuerence of your manhood and gentrie, I haue brought home such mony as you lent me.

Vsurer. You yong Gentleman, is my mony readie?

Gentle. Trulie sir, this time was so short, the commoditie so bad, and the promise of friends so broken, that I could not prouide it against the day, wherefore I am come to intreat you to stand my friend, and to fauour me with a longer time, and I will make you sufficient consideration.

Vsurer. Is the winde in that doore, if thou hast my mony so it is, I will not defer a day, an houre, a minute, but take the forfeyt

of the bond.

Gent. I pray you sir consider that my losse was great by the commoditie I tooke vp, you knowe sir I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirtie pounds in Lute strings, which when I came to sell againe, I could get but fiue pounds for them, so had I sir but fifteene pounds for my. forty: In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you sir giue me a month longer.

Vsurer. I answered thée afore not a minute, what haue I to do how thy bargain proued, I haue thy hand set to my book, that thou receiuedst forty pounds of me in money.

Gent. I sir it was your deuice that, to colour the Statute, but your conscience knowes what I had.

Poore. Friend, thou speakest hebrew to him, when thou talkest to him of conscience, for he hath as much conscience about the forfeyt of an Obligation, as my blind Mare God bless her, hath ouer a manger of Oates.

Gent. Then there is no fauour sir?

Vsurer. Come to morrow to me, and ile how I will vse thée.

Gent. No couetous Caterpiller, know, that I haue made extreame shift rather then I would fall into the hands of such a rauening panthar: and therefore here is thy mony and deliuer me the recognisance of my lands.

Vsurer. What a spite is this, hath sped of his Crownes, if he had mist but one halfe houre, what a goodly Farme had I gotten for forty pounds, well tis my cursed fortune. Oh haue I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance.

Cent. Come sir will you dispatch and tell your mony?

Strikes 4. a clocke.

Vsurer. Stay, what is this a clocke foure, let me see, to be paid betweene the houres of three and foure in the afternoone, this goes right for me: you sir, heare you not the clocke, and haue you not a counterpaine of your Obligation: the houre is past, it was to be paid betweene three and foure, and now the clocke hath stroken foure,

foure, I will receiue none, Ile ſtand to the forfeyt of the recognisance.

Gent. Why ſir, I hope you do but ieſt, why tis but foure, and will you for a minute take forfeyt of my bond: if it were ſo ſir, I was here before foure.

Vſurer. Why didſt thou not tender thy mony then: if I offer thée iniuriet, take the law of me, complaine to the iudge, I will receiue no mony.

Poore. Well ſir, I hope you will ſtand my good maiſter for my Cow, I borrowed thirtie ſhillings on her, and for that I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, and for her meate you haue had her milke, and I tell you ſir, ſhe giues a prettie ſoape: now ſir here is your mony.

Vſurer. Hang beggerly knaue, commeſt to me for a Cow, did I not bind her bought and ſold for a peny, and was not thy day to haue paid yeſterday: thou getſt no Cow at my hand.

Poore. No cow ſir, alaſſe that word no cow, goes as cold to my heart, as a draught of ſmall drinke in a froſtie morning. No cow ſir, why alaſſe, alaſſe, M. Vſurer, what ſhal become of me, my wife, and my poore childe?

Vſurer. Thou getſt no cow of me knaue, I cannot ſtand prating with you, I muſt be gone.

Poore. Nay but heare you M. Vſurer, no cow, why ſir heres your thirtie ſhillings, I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, & therfore there is reaſon I ſhould haue my cow.

Vſurer. What prateſt thou, haue I not anſwered thee thy day is broken?

Poore. Why ſir alaſſe, my Cow is a common-wealth to mée, for firſt ſir, ſhe allowes me, my wife and ſonne, ſo to banket our ſelues withall, butter, cheeſe, whay, curds, creame, ſod milke, raw-milke, ſower-milke, ſweete-milke, and butter-milk, beſides ſir, ſhe ſaued me euery yeare a peny in almanakes, for ſhee was as good to me as a Prognoſtication, if ſhe had but ſet vp her taile and haue galliadt about the meade, my little boy was able to ſay, oh father there will be a ſtorme: her very taile was a kalender to me, & now to loſe my cow, alas M. Vſurer, take pitie vpon mée.

Vſurer.

Vsurer. I haue other matters to talke on, farewell fellowes.

Gent. Why but thou couetous churle, wilt thou not receiue thy mony and deliuer me my recognisance?

Vsurer. Ile deliuer thée none, if I haue wronged thée, seeke thy mends at the law.

Gent. And so I will inſatiable peſant.

Poore. And ſir, rather then I will put vp this word no Cow, I will laie my wiues beſt gowne to pawne. I tell you ſir, when the ſlaue vttered this word no Cow, it ſtroke to my heart, for my wife ſhal neuer haue one ſo fit for her turne againe, for indeed ſir, ſhe is a woman that hath her twidling ſtrings broke.

Gent. What meaneſt thou by that fellow?

Poore. Marre ſir, ſtreuerence of your manhood, ſhe breakes winde behinde, and indeed ſir, when ſhee ſat milking of her Cow and let a fart, my other Cowes would ſtart at the noiſe, and kick downe the milke and away: but this Cow, ſir the gentleſt Cow, my wife might blow whilſt ſhe burſt: and hauing ſuch good conditions, ſhall the Vſurer come vpon me with no cow? Nay ſir, before I pocket vp this word no Cow, my wiues gowne goes to the Lawier, why alaſſe ſir, tis as ill a word to me, as no Crowne to a King.

Gent. Well fellow, go with me, and ile helpe thée to a Lawyer.

Poore. Marrie and I will ſir: No Cow, well the world goes hard. *Exeunt.*

Oſeas.

Oſeas. Where hatefull vſurie
Is counted husbandrie,
Where mercileſſe men rob the poore,
And the needie are thruſt out of doore.
Where gaine is held for conſcience,
And mens pleaſures is all on pence,
Where young Gentlemen forfeit their lands
Through riot, into [illegible] Vſurers hands:
Where pouerti[illegible] & pittie baniſhed
And mercy in[illegible] vaniſhed.

London and England.

Where men eſteeme more of mony then of God,
Let that land looke to feele his wrathfull rod.
For there is no ſin more odious in his ſight,
Then where vſure defraudes the poore of his right.
London take heede, theſe ſins abound in thee:
The poore complaine, the widowes wronged bee.
The Gentlemen by ſubtiltie are ſpoilde,
The plough-men looſe the crop for which they toild.
Sin raignes in thee ô London euery houre,
Repent and tempt not thus the heauenly power.

Enters Remilia, with a traine of Ladies in all royaltie.

Remilia. Faire Queene, yet handmaids vnto Raſnes loue,
Tell me, is not my ſtate ſo glorious
As Iunoes pomp, when tyrd with heauens deſpoyle,
Clad in her veſtments, ſpotted all with ſtarres?
She croſt the Aluer path vnto her loue,
Is not Remilias far more beautious,
Rich with the pride of natures excellencie?
Then Venus in the brightest of her shine?
My haires ſurpaſſe they not Apollos locks?
Are not my Treſſes curled with ſuch art,
As loue delights to hide him in their faire?
Doth not mine eye ſhine like the morning lampe,
That tels Aurora when her loue will come?
Haue I not ſtolne the beautie of the heauens,
And placeſt it on the feature of my face?
Can any Goddeſſe make compare with me?
Or match her with the faire Remilia?

Alinda. The beauties that proud Paris ſaw from Troy,
Muſtering in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not ſo gorgious as Remilia.

Remilia. I haue tricht my tramels vp with riches baime,
And made my perfumes of the pureſt Myrre:
The precious drugs that Ægypts wealth affords,

The costly painting fetcht fro curious Tyre,
Haue mended in my face what nature miss.
Am I not the earths wonder in my looks?
Alui. The wonder of the earth and pride of heauen.
Remilia. Loke Aluida a haire stands not amisse,
For womens locks are tramels of conceit,
Which do intangle loue for all his wiles.
Aluid. Madam, vnlesse you coy it trick and trim,
And plaie the ciuill wanton ere you yeeld,
Smiting disdaine of pleasures with your tongue,
Patting your princely Rasni on the cheeke,
When he presumes to kisse without consent:
You marre the market, beautie nought auailes.
You must be proud, for pleasures hardly got,
Are sweete, if once attainde.
Remilia. Faire Aluida,
Thy counsell makes Remilia passing wise.
Suppose that thou weart Rasnes mightinesse,
And I Remilia Prince of excellence.
Aluida. I would be maister then of loue and thee.
Remil. Of loue and me? Proud and disdainfull king,
Dar'st thou presume to touch a Deitie,
Before she grace thee with a yeelding smile?
Aluida. Tut my Remilia, be not thou so coy,
Nay nay, and take it.
Remilia. Careless and vnkinde,
Talkes Rasni to Remilia in such sort
As if he did enioy a humane forme?
Loke on thy Loue, behold mine eies diuine,
And dar'st thou twit me with a womans fault?
Ah Rasni thou art rash to iudge of me,
I tell thee Flora oft hath woed my lips,
To lend a rose to beautifie her spring,
The sea-Nymphs fetch their lillies from my cheekes.
Then thou vnkind, and hereon would I weepe.
Alui. And here would Aluida resigne her charge,

For

For were I but in thought Th'assirian King,
I needs must quite thy teares, with kisses sweete,
And craue a pardon with a friendly touch,
You know it Madam though I teach it not,
The touch I meane, you smile when as you think it.

Remi. How am I pleas'd to hear thy pritty prate,
According to the humor of my minde?
Ah Nymphs, who fairer then Remilia?
The gentle windes haue wonde me with their sighes,
The frowning aire hath cleerde when I did smile,
And when I tract vpon the gralle,
Loue that makes warme the center of the earth,
Lift vp his crest to kisse Remilas foote,
Iuno still entertaines her amorous Ioue
With new delights, for feare he loke on me,
The Phœnix feathers are become my Fanne,
For I am beauties Phœnix in this world.
Shut close these Curtaines straight and shadow me,
For feare Apollo spie me in his walkes,
And scorne all eyes, to see Remilias eyes.
Nymphes, Knancks, sing for Mauors draweth nigh,
Hide me in Closure, let him long to loke,
For were a Goddesse fairer then am I,
Ile scale the heauens to pull her from the place.

They draw the Curtaines, and Musicke plaies.

Aluida. Beleeue me, tho she say that she is faireſt,
I thinke my pennie siluer be her leaue.

Enter Rasni with his Lords in pomp, who make a ward about him, with him the Magi in great pomp.

Rasni. Magi for loue of Rasni by our Art,
By Magicke frame an Armour out of hand,
For faire Remilia to disport her in.
Meane while, I will bethinke me on furth a pomp.

Exit.

The Magi with their rods beate the ground, and from vnder the ſame riſeth a braue Arbour, the King returneth in an other ſute while the Trumpets ſounde.

Raſni. Bleſt be ye man of Art that grace me thus,
And bleſſed be this day where Himen hies,
To ioyne in vnion pride of heauen and earth.
Lightning and thunder wherewith Remelia is ſtrooken.
What wondrous threatning noiſe is this I heare?
What flaſhing lightnings trouble our delights?
When I drawe neare Remilias royall Tent,
I waking, dreame of ſorrow or miſhap.
Rada. Dread not O King, at ordinary chance,
Theſe are but common exalitations,
Drawne from the earth, in ſubſtance hot and drie,
Or moiſt and thicke, or Meteors combuſt,
Matters and cauſes incident to time,
In kindling in the firie region firſt.
Tut, be not now a Romane Angurer,
Approach the Tent, looke on Remelia.
Raſni. Thou haſt confirmd my doubts kinde Radagon.
Now ope ye folds where Queene of fauour ſits,
Carrying a Net within her curled locks,
Wherein the Graces are intangled oft:
Ope like th'imperiall gates where Phoebus ſits,
When as he meanes to woe his Clitia.
Nocternall cares, ye blemiſhers of bliſſe,
Cloud not mine eyes whilſt I behold her face,
Remilia my delight, ſhe anſwereth not.
He drawes the Curtaines and findes her ſtrooken with Thunder, blacke.
How pale? as if bereau'd in fatall mœdes,
The balmy breath hath left her boſome quite.

By Hesperus by cloudie death is bent,
Villaines away, fetch Sirrops of the Inde,
Fetch Balsomo the kind preserue of life,
Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oiles, fetch herbes, fetch all
To fetch her life, or I will faint and die.
They bring in all these and offer, nought preuailes.
Herbes, Oyles of Inde, alasse there nought preuailes.
What are the day-bright eyes, that made me sa,
Lockt are the Iems of ioy in dens of death,
Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her.
Malicious mistresse of inconstancie,
Dumb be thy name, that hath obscur'd my ioy,
Kings, Viceroy, Princes, reare a royall tombe
For my Remelia, beare her from my sight,
Whilst I in teares, weepe for Remilia.
They beare her out.

Rada. What maketh Rasni moodie? Losse of one?
As if no more were left so faire as she?
Behold a daintie minion for the nonce,
Faire Alnida the Paphlagonian Queene,
Woe her, and leaue this weeping for the dead.

Ras. What woe my subiects wife that honoureth me?

Rada. Tut, Kings this meum tuum should not know.
Is she not faire? Is not her husband hence?
Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon.
A pretie peate to driue your mourne away.

Rasni. She smiles on me, I see she is mine owne.
Wilt thou be Rasnes royall Paramour?

Rad. She blushing yeelds consent, make no dispute?
The King is sad, and must be gladded straight.
Let Paphlagonian King go mourne meane-while.
He thrusts the King out, and so they *Exeunt.*

Oseas. Pride hath his iudgement, London looke about,
Tis not inough in shew to be deuout:
A furie now from heauen to lands vnknowne,
Hath made the Prophet speake, not to his owne.

A looking Glasse, for

Flie wanton sine, this pride and vaine attire,
The seales to set your tender hearts on fire.
Be faithfull in the promise you haue past,
Else God will plague and punish at the last.
When lust is hid in shroude of wretched life,
When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife.
Marke but the Prophets, we that shortly shewes,
After death expect for many woes.

Enters the poore man and the Gntleman, with their Lawier.

Gent. I need not sir discourse vnto you, the dutie of Lawyers in tendering the right cause of their Clients, nor the conscience you are tied vnto by higher command. Therefore suffice the Vsurer hath done me wrong, you know the case: and good sir, I haue strained my selfe to giue you your fees.

Lawier. Sir if I should any way neglect so manifest a truth, I were to be accused of open periury, for the case is euident.

Poore. And trulie sir, for my case, if you helpe me not for my matter, why sir, I and my wife are quite vndone, I want my meale of milke when I goe to my worke, and my boy his bread and butter when he goes to schoole. M. Lawier pitie me, for sacrely sir, I was faine to lay my wiues best gowne to pawne for your fees, when I lookt vpon it sir, and saw how handsomely it was dawbed with Statute lace, and what a faire motkado Cape it had, and then thought how handsomely it became my wife, truly sir my heart is made of butter, it melts at the least perfection, I fell on weeping, but when I thought on the words the Vsurer gaue me, no Cow: then sir, I would haue stript her into her smocke, but I would make him deliuer my Cow ere I had done, therefore good M. Lawier stand my friend.

Lawier. Trust me father, I will do for thee as much as for my selfe.

Poore. Are you married sir?

Lawier. I marry am I father.

Poore. Then gods Benison light on you & your good wife, and

and send her that she be neuer troubled with my wiues disease.

Lawier. Why whats thy wiues disease?

Poore. Truly sir, she hath two open faults, and one priuie fault, sir the first is, she is to eloquēt for a poore man, and hath he words of Art, for she will call me Rascall, Rogue, Runnagate, Varlet, Vagabound, Slaue, and Knaue. Why alasse sir, these be but holi-day tearmes, but if you heard her working-day words, in faith sir, they be ratlers like thunder sir, for after the dewe followes a storme, for then am I sure either to bee well buffetted, my face scratcht, or my head broken, and therefore good M. Lawyer, on my knees I aske it, let me not go home again to my wife, with this word, No Cow: for then shee will exercise her two faults vpon me with all extremitie.

Lawier. Feare not man, but what is thy wiues priuy fault?

Poore. Truly sir, thats a thing of nothing, alasse she indeede sirreuerence of your maistership, doth vse to breake winde in her sleepe. Oh sir, here comes the iudge, and the old Catife the Vsurer

Enters the Iudge, the Vsurer, and his attendants.

Vsurer. Sir here is fortie Angels for you, and if at any time you want a hundreth pound or two, tis readie at your command, or the feeding of three or foure fat bullocks: whereas these needie slaues can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee, therefore I pray you sir fauour my case.

Iudge. Feare not sir, Ile do what I can for you.

Vsurer. What maister Lawier, what make you here, mine aduersary for these Clients?

Lawier. So it chanceth now sir.

Vsurer. I know you know the old Prouerbe, He is not wise, that is not wise for himselfe. I would not be disgraced in this action, therefore here is twentie angels say nothing in the matter, and what you say, say to no purpose, for the Iudge is my friend.

Lawier. Let me alone, Ile fit your purpose.

Iudge. Come, where are these fellowes that are the plaintifes, what can they say against this honest Citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongst all men?

Poore.

Poore. Trulie M. Iudge, he is a man much spoken off, marry euery mans cries are against him, and especially we, and therefore I thinke we haue brought our Lawier to touch him with as much law as will fetch his lands and my Towe, with a pestilence.

Gent. Sir, I am the other plaintife, and this is my counsellour, I beseech your honour be fauourable to me in equitie.

Iudge. Oh Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this Gentlemans behalfe?

Lawier. Faith sir as yet little good, sir tell you your owne case to the iudge, for I haue so many matters in my head, that I haue almost forgotten it.

Gent. Is the winde in that doore? why then my Lord thus: I tooke vp of this cursed Vsurer, for so I may well tearme him, a commoditie of fortie poundes, whereof I receiued ten pound in mony, and thirtie pound in lute-strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but fiue pounds: for the assurance of this badde commodity, I bound him my land in recognisance, I came at my day and tendred him his mony and he would not take it, for the redresse of my open wrong, I craue but iustice.

Iudge. What say you to this sir?

Vsurer. That first, he had no Lute-strings of me, for looke you sir, I haue his owne hand to my booke for ỹ receit of fortie pound.

Gent. What was sir, but a deuise of him to colour the Statute.

Iudge. Well he hath thine owne hand, and we can craue no more in law: but now sir, he saies his mony was tendred at the day and houre.

Vsurer. This is manifest contrary sir, and on that I will depose, for here is the obligation, to be paid betweene three and foure in the after noone, and the Clocke stroke foure before he offered it, and the words be betweene three and foure, therefore to be tendred before foure.

Gent. Sir, I was there before foure, & he held me with brabling till the Clocke stroke, and then for the breach of a minute he refused my money, and keepe the recognisance of my land for so

small

small a trifle: God Signor Mizaldo speak what is law, you haue your fee, you haue heard what the case is, and therefore do me iustice and right: I am a yong Gentleman, and speake for my patrimony.

Lawier. Faith sir, the Case is altered, you told me it before in an other maner, the law goes quite against you, and therfore you must plead to the iudge for fauour.

Gent. O execrable bribery.

Poore. Faith sir Iudge, I pray you let me be the Gentlemans Counsellour, for I can say thus much in his defence, that the Vsurers Clocke is the swiftest Clocke in all the Towne, tis sir like a womans tongue, it goes euer halfe an houre before the time: for when we were gone from him, other Clocks in the Towne strooke foure.

Iudge. Hold thy prating fellow, and you yong gentleman, this is my ward, looke better an other time both to your bargains and to the paiments, for I must giue flat sentence against you: that for default of tendering the mony betweene the houres, you haue forfeited your recognisance, and he to haue the land.

Gent. O inspeakeable iniustice.

Poore. O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Iudge.

Iudge. Now you fellow, what haue you to say for your matter?

Poore. Maister Lawier, I laide my wiues gowne to pawne for your fees, I pray you for this geare.

Lawier. Alasse poore man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore I pray thee tell it thy selfe.

Poore. I hold my Cap to a noble, that the Vsurer hath giuen him some gold, and he chewing it in his mouth, hath got ỳ toothache that he cannot speake.

Iudge. Well sirrha, I must be short, and therefore say on.

Poore. M. maister Iudge, I borrowed of this man thirtie shillings for which, I left him in pawne my good Cow, the bargaine was, he should haue eighteen pence a weeke, and the Cowes milk for vsurie: Now sir, assone as I had gotten the mony, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his mony, and

keepes my Cowe ſir.

Iudge. Why thou haſt giuen ſentence againſt thy ſelfe, for in breaking thy day, thou haſt loſt thy Cowe.

Poore. Maiſter Lawier, now for my ten ſhillings.

Lawier. Faith poore man, thy Caſe is ſo bad, I ſhall but ſpeake againſt thee.

Poore. Were good then I ſhuld haue my ten ſhillings again.

Lawier. This my fee fellow for comming, wouldſt thou haue me come for nothing?

Poore. Why then am I like to goe home, not onely with no Cowe, but no gowne: this geare goes hard.

Iudge. Will you haue heard what fauour I can ſhew you, I muſt do iuſtice, come M. Mizaldo, and you ſir, go home with me to dinner.

Poore. Why but M. Iudge, no cow, & M. Lawier no gowne, Then muſt I cleane run out of the Towne.
How cheere you gentleman, you crie no lands to, the Iudge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath dubd you ſir John lackland.

Gent. O miſerable time wherein gold is aboue God.

Poore. Feare not man, I haue yet a ſetch to get thy lands and my cow againe, for I haue a ſonne in the Court, that is eyther a King or a Kings fellow, and to him will I go and complain on the Iudge and the Vſurer both.

Gent. And I will go with thee and intreat him for my Caſe.

Poore. But how ſhall I go home to my wife, when I ſhall haue nothing to ſay vnto her, but no Cow. Alaſſe ſir, my wiues faults will fall vpon me.

Gent. Feare not, lets go, Ile quiet her ſhall ſee.

Exeunt.

Oſeas. Fie Iudges fie, corruption in your Court,
The Iudge of truth, hath made your iudgement ſhort.
Looke ſo to iudge, that at the latter day,
Ye be not iudg'd with thoſe that wend aſtray.
Who palleth iudgement for his priuate gaine,
He well may iudge, he is adiudg'd to paine.

Enter,

Enters the Clowne and all his crew drunke.

Clowne. Farewell gentle Tapster, maisters, as good ale as euer was tapt, looke to your feete, for the ale is strong: well farewell gentle Tapster.

1. Ruffian. Why sirrha slaue, by heauens maker, thinkest thou the wench loues thee best, because she laught on thee, giue me but such an other word, and I will throw the pot at thy head.

Clowne. Spill no drinke, spill no drinke, the Ale is good, Ile tell you what, ale is ale, and so Ile commend me to you with hartie commendations: farewell gentle Tapster.

2. Why wherefore peasant scornst thou that the wench should loue me, looke but on her, and Ile thrust my dagger in thy bosome

1. Ruffian. Well sirrha well, thart as thart, and so Ile take

2. Why what am I?

1. Why what thou wilt, a slaue.

2. Then take that villaine, and learne how to vse me another time.

1. Oh I am slaine.

2. Thats al one to me, I care not, now wil I in to my wench and call for a fresh pot.

Clowne. Nay but heare ye, take me with ye, for the ale is ale, cut a fresh toast Tapster, fil me a pot here is mony, I am no beggar, Ile follow thee as long as the ale lasts: a pestilence on the blocks for me, for I might haue had a fall: well if we shal haue no Ale Ile sit me downe, and so farewell gentle Tapster.

Here he fals ouer the dead man.

Enters the King, Aluida, the King of Cilicia, and of Paphlagonia, with other attendant.

Rasni. What slaughtred wretch lies bleeding here his laste
So neare the royall pallace of the King,
Search out if any one be biding nie,
That can discourse the manner of his death,
Seate thee faire Aluida, the faire of faires,
Let not the otrict once offend thine eyes,

L. Heres one sits here a sleepe my Lord.

Rasni. Wake him, and make enquirie of this thing.

Lord. Sirrha you, heareſt thou fellow?

Clowne. If you will fill a freſh pot, heres a penny, or elſe farewell gentle Tapſter.

Lord. He is drunke my Lord.

Raſni. Wele ſport with him, that Aluida may laugh.

L. Sirrha thou fellow, thou muſt come to the King.

Clowne. I will not do a ſtroake of worke to day, for the ale is good ale, and you can aſke but a peny for a pot, no more by the ſtatute.

L. Villaine, heres the King, thou muſt come to him.

Clowne. The King come to an Ale-houſe? Tapſter, fil me three pots, where's the King, is this he? Giue me your hand ſir, as good Ale as euer was tapt, you ſhall drinke while your ſkin cracke.

Raſni. But heareſt thou fellow, who kild this man?

Clowne. Ile tell you ſir, if you did taſte of the Ale, all Niniuie hath not ſuch a cup of Ale, it floures in the cup ſir, by my troth I ſpent eleuen pence beſide three raſes of ginger.

Raſni. Anſwer me knaue to my queſtion, how came this man ſlaine?

Clowne. Slain, why ale is ſtrong ale, tis huſtay, I warrant you twill make a man well. Tapſter ho, for the King a cup of ale and a freſh Toaſt, heres two raſes more.

Aluida. Why good fellow the King talkes not of drinke, he would haue thee tell him how this man came dead.

Clowne. Dead nay, I thinke I am aliue yet, and will drinke a full pot ere night, but here ye, if ye be the wench that fild vs drink, why ſo: do your office, and giue vs a freſh pot, or if you be the tapſters wife, why ſo, waſh the glaſſe cleane.

Aluida. Hee is ſo drunke my Lord, there is no talking with him.

Clowne. Drunke, nay then wench I am not drunke, that's a ſhitten queane, to call me drunke, I tell thee I am not drunke, I am a ſmith.

Enters the Smith, the Clownes maiſter.

Lord. Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Smith. God ſaue you maiſter.

Raſni.

Raſni. Smith canſt thou tell me how this man came dead?

Smith. May it pleaſe your highneſſe, my man here and a crue of them went to the ale-houſe, and came out ſo drunke, that one of them kild another: and now ſir, I am faine to leaue my ſhop, and come to fetch him home.

Raſni. Some of you carrie away the dead body, drunken men muſt haue their fits, and ſirrha Smith, hence with thy man.

Smith. Sirrha you, riſe come go with me.

Clowne. If we ſhall haue a pot of Ale, lets haue it, heres mony: hold Tapſter take my purſe.

Smith. Come then with me, the pot ſtands full in the houſe.

Clowne. I am for you, lets go, thart an honeſt Tapſter, weele drinke ſix pots ere we part.

Exeunt.

Raſni. Beautious, more bright then beautie in mine eyes,
Tell me faire ſweeting, wants thou any thing?
Conteind within the threefold circle of the world,
That may make Aluida liue full content.

Aluida. Nothing my Lord, for all my thoughts are pleaſde,
When as mine eye ſurfets with Raſnes ſight.

Enters the King of Paphlagonia, male-content.

Raſni. Looke how thy husband haunts our royall Courts,
How ſtill his ſight breeds melancholy ſtormes,
My Aluida, I am paſſing paſſionate,
And vext with wrath and anger to the death:
Mars when he held faire Venus on his knee,
And ſaw the limping Smith come from his forge,
Had not more deeper ſorrowes in his brow,
Then Raſni hath to ſee this Paphlagon.

Alui. Content thee ſweet, ile ſalue thy ſorrow straight,
Reſt but the eaſe of all thy thoughts on me,
And if I make not Raſni blyth againe,
Then ſay that womens fancies haue no ſhifts.

Paphla. Shamſt thou not Raſni though thou beeſt a King,
To ſhroude adultry in thy royall ſeate,
Art thou arch-ruler of great Niniuie,

Who shouldst excell in vertue as in state,
And wrongst thy friend by keeping backe his wife,
Haue I not battaild in thy troups full oft,
Gainst Ægypt, Iury, and proud Babylon,
Spending my bloud to purchase thy renowme,
And is the guerdon of my chiualrie,
Coded vnto his abusing of my wife?
Restore her me, or I will from thy Courts,
And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.
Ras. Why take her Paphlagon, exclaime not man,
For I do prize mine honour more then loue.
Faire Aluida go with thy husband home.
Alui. How dare I go, sham'd with so deepe misdeed,
Reuenge will broile within my husbands breast,
And when he hath me in the Court at home,
Then Aluida shall feele reuenge for all.
Rasni. What saist thou King of Paphlagon to this?
Thou hearest the doubt thy wife doth stand vpon,
If she haue done amisse it is my fault,
I pray'e pardon and forget all.
Paphla. If that I meant not Rasni to forgiue,
And quite forget the follies that are past,
I would not vouchsafe her presence in my Courts,
But she shall be my Queene, my loue, my life,
And Aluida vnto her Paphlagon
And loued, and more beloued then before.
Rasni. What saist thou Aluida to this?
Alui. That will he sweare it to my Lord the king,
And in a full carouse of Grecklih wine,
Drinke downe the malice of his deepe reuenge,
I will go home and loue him new againe.
Rasni. What answeres Paphlagon?
Paphla. That what she hath requested I will do.
Alui. Go Damosell fetch me that sweet wine,
That stands within thy Closet on the shelfe,
Powre it into a standing bowle of gold,

But

But on thy life taſte not before the king.
Make haſt, why is great Raſni melancholy thus?
If promiſe be not kept, hate all for me.
Here is the wine my Lord, firſt make him ſweare.
Paphla. By Niniues great gods, and Niniues great king.
My thoughts ſhall neuer be to wrong my wife,
And thereon heres a full carowſe to her.
Alui. And thereon Raſni heres a kiſſe for thee;
Now maiſt thou freely fold thine Aluida.
Paphla. Oh I am dead, obſtructions of my breath,
The poiſon is of wondrous ſharpe effect,
Curſed be all adultrous queenes ſay I,
And curſing ſo, poore Paphlagon doth die.
Alui. Now haue I not ſaued the ſorrows of my lord?
Haue I not rid a riuall of thy loues,
What ſaiſt thou Raſni to thy Paramour?
Raſni. That for this deed ile deck my Aluida,
In Sendall and in coſtly Suſſapines;
Bordred with Pearle and India Diamond,
Ile cauſe great Eol perfume all his windes,
With richeſt myrre and curious Amber greece,
Come louely minion, paragon for faire,
Come follow me ſweet goddeſſe of mine eye,
And taſte the pleaſures Raſni will prouide. Exeunt.
Oſea. Where whordome raines, there murther follows faſt,
As falling leaues before the winter blaſt,
A wicked life, rainde vp in endleſſe crime,
Hath no reward vnto the latter time.
When Letchers ſhall be puniſht for their luſt,
When Princes plagued, becauſe they are vniuſt
Foreſee in time, the warning bell doth towle,
Subdue the fleſh, by prayer to ſaue the ſoule.
London behold the cauſe of others wreacke,
And ſet the ſword of iuſtice at thy backe.
Deferre not off, to morrow is too late,
By night he comes perhaps to iudge thy ſtate.

Enter

A looking Glasse, for

Enter Ionas Solus.

Ionas. From forth the depth of my imprisoned soule,
Steale you my sighes, testifie my paine,
Conuey on wings of mine immortall tone,
My zealous prayers, vnto the starrie throne:
Ah mercifull and iust, thou dreadfull God,
Where is thine arme to lay reuengefull strokes
Vpon the heads of our rebellious race?
Loe Israell once that flourisht like the vine,
Is barraine laide, the beautifull increase
Is wholely blent, and irreligious zeale
Incampeth there where vertue was inthroan'd,
Ah-lasse the while, the widow wants relefe,
The fatherlesse is wronged by naked need,
Deuotion slæpes in finders of contempt,
Hypocrisie infects the holy Priest.
Aye me for this, woe me for these misdeeds,
Alone I walke to thinke vpon the world,
And sigh to see thy Prophets so contemn'd:
Ah-lasse contemn'd by cursed Israell.
Yet Ionas rest content, tis Israels sinne
That causeth this, then muse no more thereon,
But pray amends, and mend thy owne amisse.

An Angell appeareth to Ionas.

Angel. Amithais sonne, I charge thee muse no more,
(I am) hath power to pardon and correct,
To thee pertains to do the Lords command.
Go girt thy loines, and hast thee quickly hence,
To Niniuie, that mightie Citie wend,
And say this message from the Lord of hoasts,
Preach vnto them these tidings from thy God.
Behold thy wickednesse hath tempted me,
And pierced through the ninefold orbes of heauen:
Repent, or else thy iudgement is at hand.

The

This ſaid, the Angell vaniſheth.

Ionas. Proſtrate I lye before the Lord of hoſtes,
With humble eares intending his beheſt,
Ah honoured be Iehoushs great command,
Then Ionas muſt to Niniuie repaire,
Commanded as the Prophet of the Lord,
Great dangers on this iourney to awaight,
But dangers none where heauens direct the courſe,
What ſhould I deeme, I ſee, yea ſighing ſee,
How Iſraell ſinne, yet knowes the way of truth,
And thereby growes the the by-word of the world,
How then ſhould God in iudgement be ſo ſtrickt?
Gainſt thoſe who neuer heard or knew his power,
To threaten vtter ruine of them all:
Should I report this iudgement of my God,
I ſhould incite them more to follow ſinne,
And publiſh to the world my countries bleme,
It may not be, my conſcience tels me no.
Ah Ionas wilt thou prooue rebellious then?
Conſider ere thou fall, what errour is,
My minde miſgiues, to Ioppa will I flee,
And for a while to Tharſus ſhape my courſe,
Vntill the Lord vnſret his angry browes.

Enter certaine merchants of Tharſus, a Maiſter, and ſome Sailers

M. Come on braue merchants, now the wind doth ſerue,
And ſweetly blowes a gale at Weſt, Southweſt.
Our yards a croſſe, our anchors on the pike,
What ſhall we hence and take this merry gale?

Mer. Sailers conuey our budgets ſtrait aboord,
And we will recompence your paines at laſt,
If once in ſafetie we may Tharſus ſee,
M. Wee'le feaſt theſe merry mates and thee.

M. Mean-while content your ſelues with ſilly cates,
Our beds are boords, our feaſts are full of mirth.

We vse no pompe, we are the Lords of sea,
When Princes swet in care, we swincke of glee.
Orions shoulders and the pointers serue,
To be our Load-stars in the lingring night,
The beauties of Arcturus we behold,
And though the Sailer is no booke-man held,
Yet knowes more Art then euer booke-men read.
Sailer. By heauens well said, in honor of our trade,
Lets see the proudest scholler stir his course
Or shift his tides as Silly sailers do.
Then will we yeld them praise, else neuer none.
Mer. Well spoken fellow in thine owne behalfe,
But let vs hence, wind tarries none you wot,
And tide and time let slip is hardly got.
M. March to the Hauen marchants, I follow you.
Ionas. Now doth occasion further my desires,
I spide companions fit to aid my flight,
Staie sir I pray, and heare a word or two.
M. Say on good freend, but briefly if you please,
My passengers by this time are aboord.
Ionas. Whither pretend you to imbarke your selues?
M. To Tharsu sir, and here in Ioppa hauen
Our ship is prest and readie to depart.
Ionas. May I haue passage for my mony then?
M. What not for mony? pay ten siluerlings,
You are a welcome guest if so you please.
Ionas. Hold take thine hire, I follow thee my friend.
M. Where is your budget let me bare it sir.
Ionas. No one in peace, who saile as I do now,
But trust in him, who succoureth euery want.
Exeunt.

Ose. When Prophets new inspird, presume to force
And tie the power of heauen to their conceits,
When feare, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtill craft, their thoughts disguise,
Woe to the flocke whereas the shepheards fold,

For lo the Lord at vnawares ſhall plague
The careleſſe guide, becauſe his flocks do ſtray:
The axe already to the tree is ſet,
Beware to tempt the Lord ye men of art.

Enters Alcon, Thraſibulus, Samia,
Cleſiphon a lad.

Cleſi. Mother, ſome meat or elſe I die for want.

Samia. Ah little boy how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies:
Thy fathers ſlender portion in this world,
By vſury and falſe deceit is loſt,
No charitie within this Citie bides:
All for themſelues, and none to helpe the poore.

Cleſi. Father, ſhall Cleſiphon haue no relefe?

Alcon. Faith my boy, I muſt be flat with thee, we muſt feed vpon prouerbes now. As neceſſitie hath no law, a churles feaſt is better then none at all: for other remedies haue we none, except thy brother Radagon helpe vs.

Samia. Is this thy ſlender care to helpe our childe?
Hath nature armde thee to no more remorſe?
Ah cruell man vnkinde and pittileſſe:
Come Cleſiphon my boy, ile beg for thee.

Cleſi. Oh how my mothers mourning moueth me.

Alcon. Nay you ſhal pay me intereſt for getting the boy (wife) before you carrie him hence. Ah laſſe women what can Alcon do more? Ile pluck the belly out of my heart for thee ſweet Samia, be not ſo waſpiſh.

Samia. Ah ſilly man, I know thy want is great,
And fooliſhly I do craue where nothing is.
Haſte Alcon haſte, make haſte vnto our ſonne,
Who ſince he is in fauour of the King,
May helpe this hapleſſe Gentleman and vs.
For to regaine our goods from tyrants hands.

Thra. Haue patience Samia, waught your weale from heauen,
The Gods haue raiſd your ſonne I hope for this,

To succour innocents in their distresse.

Enters Radagon, Solus.

Lo where he comes from the imperiall Court,
Go, lets prostrate vs before his feete.

Alcon. Nay by my troth, ile neuer aske my sonne blessing, che trow, cha taught him his lesson to know his father, what sonne Radagon,, yfaith boy how doest thee?

Rada. Villaine disturbe me not, I cannot stay.

Alcon. But sonne ile helpe you of that disease quickly, for I can hold thee, ask thy mother knaue, what cunning I haue to ease a woman, when a qualme of kindnesse come too neare her stomacke? Let me but claspe mine armes about her body and laie my praiers in her bosome, and she shall be healed presently.

Rada. Traitor vnto my Princely Maiestie,
How dar'st thou lay thy hands vpon a king?

Samia. No Traitor Radagon, but true is he,
What hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,
To scorne thy father when he visits thee?
Ah-lasse my sonne behold with ruthfull eyes,
Thy parents robd of all their worldly weale,
By subtile meanes of Usurie and guile,
The Iudges eares are deaffe and shut vp close,
All mercie sleepes, then be thou in these plunges
A patron to thy mother to her paines,
Behold thy brother almost dead for foode,
Oh succour vs, that first did succour thee.

Rada. What succour me, fall callet hence auant?
Old dotard pack, moue not my patience,
I know you not, Kings neuer looke so low.

Samia. You know vs not. Oh Rada you know,
What knowing vs, you know your parents then,
Thou knowst this wombe first brought thee forth to light,
I know these paps did foster thee my sonne.

Alcon. And I know he hath had many a piece of bread & cheese at my hands, as proud as he is, that know I.

Thracib. I waight no hope of succours in this place,

Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.
Rada. Dare you enforce the furrowes of reuenge,
Within the browes of royall Radagon?
Villaine auant, hence beggers with your brats,
Marshall, why whip ye you not these rogues away?
That thus disturbe our royall Maiestie.
Clesiphon. Mother I see it is a wondrous thing,
From base estate for to become a King:
For why mee think my brother in these fits,
Hath got a kingdome, and hath lost his wits.
Rada. Yet more contempt before my roialtie?
Slaues fetch out tortures worse then Titius plagues,
And teare their tongs from their blasphemous heads.
Thrasi. Ile get me gone, tho woe begon with griefe,
No hope remaines, come Alcon let vs wend.
Ra. Twer best you did, for feare you catch your bane.
Samia. Nay Traitor, I will haunt thée to the death,
Ungratious sonne, vntoward and peruerse,
Ile fill the heauens with ecchoes of thy pride,
And ring in euery eare thy small regard,
That doest despise thy parents in their wants,
And breathing forth my soule before thy feete,
My curses still shall haunt thy hatefull head,
And being dead, my ghost shall thée pursue.

Enter Rasni King of Assiria, attended on by his sooth-sayers and Kings.

Rasni. How now, what meane these outcries in our Court?
Where nought should sound, but harmonies of heauen,
What maketh Radagon so passionate?
Samia. Justice, O King, iustice against my sonne.
Rasni. Thy sonne: what sonne?
Samia. This cursed Radagon.
Rada. Dread Monarch, this is but a lunacie,
Which griefe and want hath brought the woman to,
What doth this passion hold you euery stone?

Samia. Oh politicke in ſinne and wickednesſe,
To impudent for to delude thy Prince.
Oh Raſni, this ſame wombe brought him forth,
This is his father, worne with care and age,
This is his brother, poore vnhappie lad,
And I his mother, though contem'd by him,
With tedious toyle we got our little good,
And brought him vp to ſchoole with mickle charge:
Lord how we ioy'd to ſee his towardneſſe,
And to our ſelues, we oft in ſilence ſaid,
This youth when we are old may ſuccour vs.
But now preferd and lifted vp by thee,
We quite deſtroyed by curſed vſurie,
He ſcorneth me, his father, and this childe.

Cleſi. He plaies the Serpent right, deſcrib'd in Æſopes tale,
That ſoughtt the ſolters death, that lately gaue him life.

Alcon. May and pleaſe your maieſti-ſhip, for proofe he was my childe, ſearch the parish booke: the Clarke will ſweare it, his godfathers and godmothers can witneſſe it, it coſt me fortie pence in ale and cakes on the wiues at his chriſtning. Hence proud King, thou ſhalt neuer more haue my bleſſing.

He takes him apart.

Raſni. Say ſooth in ſecret Radagon,
Is this thy father?

Rada. Mightie King he is,
I blushing, tell it to your Maieſtie.

Raſ. Why doſt thou then contemne him and his friends?

Rada. Becauſe he is a baſe and abiect ſwaine,
My mother and her brat both beggarly,
Vnmeete to be allied vnto a King,
Should I that looke on Raſnes countenance,
And march amidſt his royall equipage,
Embaſe my ſelfe to ſpeake to ſuch as they?
Were impious ſo to impaire the loue
That mightie Raſni beares to Radagon.
I would your grace would quit them from your ſight,

That

That dare preſume to loke on Ioues compare.
Raſni. I like thy pride, I praiſe thy pollicie,
Such ſhould they be that wait vpon my Court.
Let me alone to anſwere (Radagon.)
Villaine ſeditious traitors as you be,
That ſcandalize the honour of a King,
Depart my Court, you ſtales of impudence,
Vnleſſe you would be parted from your limmes,
So baſe for to intitle father-hood,
To Raſnes freend, to Raſnes fauourite?
Rada. Hence begging ſcold, hence catiue clogd with yeares,
On paine of death reuiſit not the Court.
Was I conceiu'd by ſuch a ſeruile trull,
Or brought to light by ſuch a lump of dirt:
Go Loſſell trot it to the cart and ſpade,
Thou art vnmeete to loke vpon a King,
Much leſſe to be the father of a King.
Alcon. You may ſee wife, what a goodly peece of worke you haue made, haue I tought you *Arſmetry, as additioni multiplicatim*, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be banished for my labour. O pittiful hearing. Come Cleſiphon follow me.
Cleſi. Brother beware, I oft haue heard it told,
That ſonnes who do their fathers ſcorne, ſhall beg when they be old.
Exit Alcon, Cleſiphon.
Radagon. Hence baſtard boy for feare you taſte the whip.
Samia. Oh all you heauens, and you eternall powers,
That ſway the ſword of iuſtice in your hands,
(If mothers curſes of her ſonnes contempt,
May fill the ballance of your furie full)
Powre downe the tempeſt of your direfull plagues,
Vpon the head of curſed Radagon.

Vpon this praier ſhe departeth, and a flame of fire appeareth from beneath, and Radagon is ſwallowed.

So you are iuſt, now triumph Samia. *Exit.* Samia.
Raſni.

A looking Glasse, for

Rasni. What oppressing charme, or hatefull hag,
Hath ravished the pride of my delight?
What torturous planets, or malevolent
Conspiring power, repining destenie
Hath made the concaue of the earth vnclose,
And shut in ruptures louely Radagon?
If I be Lord-commander of the cloudes,
King of the earth, and Soueraigne of the seas,
What daring Saturne from his fierie denne,
Doth dart these furious flames amidst my Court?
I am not chiefe, there is more great then I,
What greater then Th'assirian Satrapos?
It may not be, and yet I feare there is,
That hath bereft me of my Radagon. (uinces,

Soothsaier. Monarch and Potentate of all our Pro-
Muse not so much vpon this accident,
Which is indeed nothing miraculous,
The hill of Scicely, dread Soueraigne,
Sometime on sodaine, doth euacuate,
Whole flakes of fire, and spues out from below
The smoakie brands that Vulcans bellowes driue,
Whether by windes inclosed in the earth,
Or fracture of the earth by riuers force,
Such chances as was this, are often seene,
Whole cities suncke, whole countries drowned quite,
Then muse not at the losse of Radagon.
But frolicke with the dalliance of your loue.
Let cloathes of purple set with studdes of gold,
Embellished with all the pride of earth,
Be spred for Alinda to sit vpon.
Then thou like Mars courting the Queene of loue,
Quaill driue away this melancholy fit.

Rasni. The proofe is good, and philosophicall,
And more, thy counsaile plausible and sweete.
Come Lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon.
Earth will repaie him many Radagons,

Ant.

And Aluida with pleaſant lookes reuiue,
The heart that droupes for want of Radagon.

Exeunt.

Oſon. When diſobedience raigneth in the childe,
And Princes eares by flattery be beguilde,
When lawes do paſſe by fauour, not by truth,
When falſhood ſwarmeth both in old and youth,
When gold is made a god to wrong the poore,
And charitie exilde from rich mens doore,
When men by wit, do labour to diſproue,
The plagues for ſinne, ſent downe by God aboue.
Where great mens eares are ſtopt to good aduice,
And apt to heare thoſe tales that feed their vice.
Woe to the land, for from the Eaſt ſhall riſe,
A lambe of peace, the ſcourge of vanities.
The iudge of truth, the portion of the iuſt,
Who ſoone will lay preſumption in the duſt.
And giue the humble poore their hearts deſire
And doome the worldlings to eternall fire.
Repent all you that heare, for feare of plagues,
O London, this and more doth ſtraunge in thee,
Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth ſee.
With trembling pray, and mend what is amiſſe,
The ſwoord of iuſtice drawne alreadie is.

Enter the Clowne and the Smiths wife.

Clowne. Why but heare you miſtreſſe, you know a womans eies are like a paire of pattens, fit to ſaue that feather in ſummer, and to keepe away the cold in winter, ſo you may like your huſband with the one eye, becauſe you are married, and me with the other, becauſe I am your man. Alaſſe, alaſſe, think miſtreſſe what a ſtrong loue is, why it is like to an olliy faggot, that once fet on fire, is as hardly quenched, as the bird Crocodill drinne out of her ſtreame.

Wife. Why Adam, cannot a woman wink but ſhe muſt ſleep, nay can ſhe not loue, but ſhe muſt crie fhout at the Croſſe know

Adam, I loue thee as my life, onely that loue serues to greater in secret.

Clown. Bil. these words of yours, are like a Fox taile, placed in a gentlewomans Fanne, which as it is light, so it giueth life. Oh these words are as sweete as a lilly, whereupon offering a Catachio of kisses to your vnworthy personage, I entertain you vpon further acquaintance.

Wife. Alasse, my husband comes.

Clowne. Strike vp the drum, and sing no words but mum.

Smith. Sirha you, and you hussie, well taken together, I haue long suspected you, and now I am glad I haue found you together.

Clowne. Truly sir, and I am glad that I may do you any kind pleasure, either in helping you or my mistresse.

Smith. Boy here, and knaue you shall know it straight, I will haue you both before the Magistrates, and there haue you iustly punished.

Clowne. Why then maister you are iealous?

Smith. Iealous knaue, how can I be but iealous, to see you so familiar together, thou art not only content to drink away my goods but to abuse my wife.

Clowne. Two good qualities, drunkennesse and lecherie, but maister are you iealous?

Smith. I knaue, and thou shalt know it ere I passe, for I will beswinge thee while this roape will hold.

Wife. Oh good husband abuse him not, he neuer proffered you any wrong.

Smith. Nay whore, thy part shall not be behinde.

Clowne. Why suppose maister I haue offended you, it is hard, still for the maister to beate the seruant for all offences.

Smith. I marry is it knaue.

Clowne. Then maister will I proue by logicke, that seeing all sinnes are to receiue correction, the maister is to bee corrected of the man, and sir I pray you, what greater sinne is, then iealousie? tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himselfe. Therefore that I may doe my dutie to you good maister, and to make a

sonne

sonne of you, I will beate ielousie out of you, as you shall loue me the better while you liue.

Smith. What beate thy maister knaue?

Clowne. What beat thy man knaue? and I maister, and double beate you, because you are a man of credit, and therefore haue at you, the fairest of fortie pence.

Smith. Alasse wife, helpe, helpe, my man kils me.

Wife. Nay, euen as you haue baked, so liue, ielousie must be driuen out by extremities.

Clowne. and that will I do, mistresse.

Smith. Hold thy hand Adam, and not onely I forgiue and forget all, but I will giue thee a good Farme to liue on.

Clowne. Be gone Peasant, out of the compasse of my further wrath, for I am a Conqueror of vice, and aboue all I will bring home my mistresse.

Smith. Euen when you please good Adam.

Clowne. When I please, marke thy words, sir a leafe parol, to haue and to hold, thou shalt be mine for euer, and so lets go to the ale-house.

Exeunt.

Osea. Where seruants gainst maisters do rebell,
The Common-weale may be accounted hell.
For if the feet the head shall hold in scorne,
The Cities state will fall and be forlorne.
This error London, watch on thy state,
Seruants amend, and masters leaue to hate.
Let loue abound, and vertue raigne in all,
So God will hold his hand that threat'neth thrall.

Enter the Marchants of Tharsus, the M. of the ship, some Sailers, wet from sea, with them the Gouernour of Ioppa.

Gouer. Iop. What strange encounters met you on the sea?
That thus your Barke is battered by the flouds,
And you returne thus sea-beaten as I see.

A looking Glasse, for

Mer. Most mightie gouernor the chance is strange,
The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
Which better then we, our Pylan report.
Gouer. Discourse vs all the accident.
M. The faire Trions with their glimmering light
Smil'd at the sute of cleare Rootes a raine,
And in the wrath distinguishing the houres,
The Lady starre of our course dispearst his cleare,
When to the seas with blithfull westerne blasts,
We sayld amaine, and let the bowling flie,
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,
But lo an hoast of blacke and sable cloudes,
Gan to eclips Lucinas siluer face,
And with a hurling noise from forth the South,
A gust of winde did raise the billowes vp,
Then scantled we our sailes with speedie hands,
And tooke our bonnets from our hornets straight,
Nay feuered our bonnets from our coptes,
Our topsailes vp, we trusse our spritsailes in,
But bairely strime they that resist the heauens.
For loe the waues incrude them more and more,
Mounting with hideous rearings from the depth,
Our Warke is battered by incounstring stormes,
And weiny sterne by breaking of the floods,
The steers-man pale, and carefull holds his helme,
Wherein the trust of life and safetie lay,
Tell all at once (a mortall tale to tell)
Our sailes were split by boisterous blasts,
Our rudder broke and we bereft of hope,
Where might you see both pale and gastly looks,
The dead in thought, and dolefull merchants lifts,
Their eies and hands vnto their Countries Gods,
The gods we call in bowels of the sea,
A confusion of sundrie speaches heard,
Onely alone remaines of all,
A passenger, did vnder hatches lie,

And slept secure, when we for succour prayde:
Him I awoke, and said: why slumberest thou?
Arise and pray, and call upon thy God,
He will perhaps in pitie looke on us.
Then cast we lots to know by whose amisse
Our mischiefe come, according to the guise,
And loe the lot did vnto Ionas fall,
The Israelite of whom I told you late,
Then question we his Country and his name,
Who answeres vs, I am and Hebrue borne
Who feare the Lord of Heauen, who made the sea,
And fled from him for which we all are plagu'd,
So to assuage the fury of my God,
Take me and cast my carkasse in the sea,
Then shall this fo my wrong and billow cease.
The heauens they know, the Hebrues God can tell,
How loth we were to execute his will:
But when no Oares nor labour might suffice,
We heaued the hapless Ionas ouer board.
So ceast the storme, and calmed all the sea,
And we by strength of oares recouered shoare.

Gouer. A wondrous chance of mighty consequence.

Mer. Ah honored be the god that wrought the same,
For we haue voyd that vain his wondrous works,
To cast away prophaned Paganisme,
And count the Hebrues God the onely God.
To him this offering of the purest gold,
This mirrhe and Cassia freely I do yeeld,

M. And on his Alters perfume these Turkie clothes,
This gallowayne, and gold ile sacrifice.

Sailer. To him my heart and thoughts I will addict,
Then suffer vs most mightie Conquerour,
Within your Temples to do sacrifice.

Gouer. You men of Tharsus follow me,
Who sacrifice vnto your God of heauen,
And welcome fr. ends to Ioppa Gouernor. *Exeunt a sacrifice.*

Oseas. If warned ottes, the Ethnicks thus repent,
And at the first their errour do lament:
What senslesse beasts deuoured in their flame,
Are they whom long perswasions cannot winne,
Beware ye westerne Cities, where the word
Is daily preached both at church and boord:
Where maiestie the Gospell doth maintaine,
Where Preachers for your good, themselues do paine,
To dally long and still protract the time,
The Lord is iust, and you but dust and slime:
Presume not far, delay not to amend,
Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.
Cast thy account ô London in this case,
Then iudge what cause thou hast to call for grace.

Ionas the Prophet cast out of the Whales belly vppon the Stage.

Ionas. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
Behold thy hands of mercy reares me vp,
Loe from the hideous bowels of this fish,
Thou hast returnd me to the vnlyked aire,
Loe here apparant witnesse of thy power,
The proud Leuiathan that scoures the seas,
And from his nosthrils showres out flaming floods,
Whose backe resists the tempest of the winde,
Whose presence makes the scaly troupes to quake,
With humble stresse of his broad opened chappes,
Hath lent me harbour in the raging floods.
Thus though my sin hath driuen me downe to death,
Thy mercy hath restored me to life.
Bow ye my knees, and you my bashfull eyes,
Weepe so for griefe, as you to water would:
In trouble Lord, I called vnto thee,
Out of the belly of the deepest hell,
I cride, and thou didst heare my voice.

Lis thou hadst cast me downe into the deepe,
The seas and flouds did compasse me about,
I thought I had beene cast from out thy sight,
The weeds were wrapt about thy wretched head,
I went vnto the bottome of the hilles,
But thou O Lord my God hast brought me vp,
Da thee I thought when as my soule did faint,
My praiers did presse before thy mercie seate,
Then will I pay my vowes vnto the Lord,
For why, saluation commeth from his throane.

The Angell appeareth.

Angel. Ionas arise, get thee to Ninive,
And preach to them the yearthings that I bad:
Haste thee to see the will of heauen performd.

Depart Angel.

Ionas. Iehouah I am prest to do thy will.
What coast is this, and where am I arriu'd?
Behold sweete Lycas streaming in his bounds,
Bearing the walles of haughtie Ninive,
Whereas three hundred towns do tempt the heauen,
Faire are the walles, pride of Assiria,
But lo thy sinnes haue pierc'd through the cloudes,
Here will I enter boldly since I know
My God commands, whose power no power resists.

Exit.

Osea. You Prophets learne by Ionas how to liue,
Repent your sinnes, whilst he doth warning giue,
Who knowes his maisters will and doth it not,
Shall suffer many stripes full well I wot.

Enter Aluida in rich attire, with the King of Cilicia, her Ladies.

Aluida. Ladies go sit you downe amidst this bowre,
And let the Eunicks plaie you all a slepe:
Put garlands made of Roses on your heads,

And

And plaie the wantons heere I tell thee while.
Lady. Who beautifull of all the world we will.

Enter the bower.

Aluid. King of Cilicia kinde and courteous,
Like to thy selfe, because a louely king;
Come lay thee downe vpon thy mistresse knee,
And I will sing and talke of loue to thee.
King Cili. Most gratious Paragon of excellence,
It fits not such an abiect Swaine as I,
To talke with Natures Paramoure and loue.
Al. To talke sweet friend: who would not talke with thee?
Oh be not coy, art thou not onely faire?
Come twine thine armes about this snowie white neck,
A loue-nest for the great Assirian king,
Blushing I tell thee faire Cilician Prince,
None but thy selfe can merit such a grace.
K. Ci. Madam, I hope you meane not this, to mock me.
Al. No king, faire king, my meaning is to yoke thee:
Heare me but sing of loue, then by my sighes,
My teares, my glauncing looks, my changed cheare,
Thou shalt perceiue how I do hold thee deare.
K. Ci. Sing Madam if you please, but let it tell,
Aluid. Nay, I will loue, and sigh at euery trell.

Song.

Beautie alarme, where wast thou borne?
Thus to hold thy selfe in scorne?
When as beautie kist to woe thee,
Thou by Beautie doest vndo me.
Heigho, despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none?
Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton
Yeeld a cruell heart to plant on?
Do me right and do me reason,
Cruelcie is cursed treason.
Heigho Hoe, heigho I proue,
Higho, and yet he eies me not.

King.

King. Madam your ſong is paſſing paſſionate.
Alui. And will thou not then pittie my eſtate?
King. Aſke loue of them, who pittie may impart.
Alui. I aſke of thée ſweet, thou haſt ſtole my heart.
King. Your loue is fixed on a greater King.
Alui. But womens loue, is a fickle thing.
I loue my Raſni for my dignitie.
I loue Cilician King for his ſweéte eye.
I loue my Raſni ſince he rules the world.
But more I loue this kingly little world. Embrace him.
How ſweéte he lookes? Oh were I Cithias Pheere,
And thou Endimion, I ſhould hold thée deere:
Thus ſhould mine armes be ſpread about thy necke.
Embrace his necke.
Thus would I kiſſe my loue at euerie becke.
Kiſſe.
Thus would I ſigh to ſée thée ſweéetly ſleepe,
And if thou wakeſt not ſoone, thus would I weépe.
And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I loue thée.
Kiſſe him.
King. For all theſe vowes, beſhrow me if I proue you:
My faith vnto my King ſhall not be falſe'd.
Alui. God Lord how men are coy when they are cran'd?
King. Madam, behold our King approacheth nie.
Alui. Thou art Endimion, then no more, heighoe for him I die.
Faints. Point at the King of Cilicia.
Enter Raſni, with his Kings and Lords.
What ailes the Center of my happineſſe,
Whereon depends the heauen of my delight?
Thine eyes the motors to command my world,
Thy hands the ayer to maintaine my world.
Thy ſmiles, the ſpring and ſpring-tide of my world.
Thy frownes, the winter to afflict the world.
Thou Queéne of me, I King of all the world.
Alui. My feeble eyes lift vp and looke on him. She riſeth as out (of a trance.
Is Raſni here? then droupe no more poore heart,

Oh how I fainted when I wanted thee

(Embrace him.

How faine am I, now I may looke on thee?
How glorious is my Rasni? how diuine?
Eunukes play himnes, to praise his deitie:
He is my Ioue, and I his Iuno am.

Rasni. Sun-bright, as is the eye of summers day,
When as he sutes Spenori all in gold,
To woe his Leda in a swanlike shape.
Semely as Galbocia for thy white:
Rose-coloured, lilly, louely, wanton, kinde,
Be thou the labyrinth to tangle loue,
Whilest I command the crowne from Venus crest:
And pull Onoris girdle from his loines,
Enchast with Carbunckles, and Diamonds,
To beautifie faire Aluida my loue.
Play Eunukes, sing in honour of her name,
Yet looke not flames vpon her woing eyne,
For she is faire Lucina to your King,
But fierce Medusa to your baser eye.

Alui. What if I slept, where should my pillow be?

Rasni. Within my bosome Nimph, not on my knee,
Sleepe like the smiling puritie of heauen,
When mildest wind is loath to blend the peace,
Meane-while thy blame shall from thy breath arise,
And while these closures of thy lamps be shut,
My soule may haue his peace from fancies warre.
This is my Morane, and I her Cephalus.
Wake not too soone sweete Nimph, my ioye is woonne:
Catries, why staie your straines, why tempt you me?

Enter the Priest of the sun, with the miters on their heads, carrying fire in their hands.

Priest. All haile vnto Th'assirian deitie.

Ras: Priests why presume you to disturbe my peace?

Priest. Rasni, the destinies disturbe thy peace.

Behold

Behold amidſt the orgies of our Gods,
Our mightie Gods the patrons of our warre.
The ghoſt of dead men howling walks about,
Crying Ve, Ve, woe to this Citie woe.
The ſtatutes of our Gods are thrown downe,
And ſtreames of blood our altars do diſtaine.
Aluida. Ah-laſſe my Lord, what tidings do I heare?
Shall I be ſlaine?

She ſtarteth.

Raſni. who tempteth Aluida?
Go breake me up the brazen walles of dreames,
And binde me curſed Morpheus in a chaine,
And fetter all the fancies of the night,
Becauſe they do diſturbe my Aluida.

A hand from out a cloud, threatneth a burning ſword.

K. Cili. Behold dread Prince, a burning ſword from heaven,
Which by a threatning arme is brandiſhed.
Raſni. What am I threatned then amidſt my throne?
Sages? you Magie ſpeake: what meaneth this?
Sages. Theſe are but clammy exhalations,
Or retrograde, conjunctions of the ſtarres,
Or oppoſitions of the greater lights,
Or radiatrous finding matter fit,
That in the ſtarrie Sopheare kindled be,
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honour to my Lord the King.
Raſni. Then frolicke Viceroies, kings & potentates,
Drive all vaine fancies from your ſeeble mindes.
Prieſts go and pray, whilſt I prepare my feaſt,
Where Aluida and I, in pearle and gold,
Will quaffe vnto our Nobles, richeſt wine,
In ſpight of fortune, fate, or deſtinie.

Exeunt.

Oſeas. Woe to the traines of womens fooliſh luſt,
In wedlocke nights that yeeld but luckie truſt.

That vow to one, yet common be to all,
Take warning wantons, pride will haue a fall.
Woe to the land, where warnings profit nought,
Who say that nature, Gods decrees hath wrought.
Who build on fate, and leaue the corner stone,
The God of Gods, sweete Christ the onely one.
If such escapes & London reigne in thee:
Repent, for why each sin shall punisht be.
Repent, amend, repent: the houre is nie,
Defer not time, who knowes when he shall die?

Enters one clad in diuels attire alone.

Longer liues a merry man then a sad, and because I meane to make my selfe pleasant this night, I haue put my selfe into this attire, to make a Clowne afraid, that passeth this way: for of late there haue appeared many strange apparitions, to the great feare and terror of the Citizens. Oh here my young maister comes.

Enters Adam and his mistresse.

Adam. Feare not mistresse, ile bring you safe home, if my maister frowne, then will I stamp and stare, and if all bee not well then, why then to morrow morne put out mine eyes cleane with fortie pound.

Wife. Oh but Adam, I am afraid to walke so late because of the spirits that appeare in the Citie.

Adam. What are you afraid of spirits, armde as I am, with Ale, and Nutmegs, turne me lose to all the diuels in hell.

Wife. Alasse Adam, Adam, the diuell, the diuell.

Adam. The diuell mistresse, flie you for your safegard, let mee alone, the diuell and I will deale well inough, if hee haue any honestie at all in him, Ile either win him with a smoth tale, or else with a toast and a cup of Ale.

The Diuell sings heere.

Diuell. Oh, oh, oh, oh, faine would I bee,
If that my kingdome fulfilled I might see.
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Clowne. Surely this is a merry diuell, and I beleeue hee is

one

one of Lucifers Minstrels, hath a sweet voice, now surely, surely, he may sing to a paire of Tongs and a Bag-pipe.

Diuell. Oh thou art he that I seeke for.

Clowne. Spiritus sanctus, away from me Latin, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Diuell. Oh villaine thou art mine.

Clown. Nominus patrus, I blesse me from thee, and I coniure thee to tell me who thou art?

Diuell. I am the spirit of the dead man that was slaine in thy company when we were drunke together at the Ale.

Clown. By my troth sir, I cry you mercy, your face is so changed, that I had quite forgotten you, well maister diuell we haue tost ouer many a pot of ale together.

Diuell. And therefore must thou go with me to hell.

Clowne. I haue a pollicie to shift him, for I know hee comes out of a hote place, and I know my selfe, the Smith and the diuel hath a drie tooth in his head, therefore will I leaue him asleepe, and run my way.

Diuell. Come art thou readie.

Clowne. Faith sir my old freend, and now goodman diuell, you know, you and I haue beene tolling many a good cup of ale, your nose is growne very rich, what say you, will you take a pot of ale now at my hands, hell is like a Smiths forge full of water, and yet euer a thrust.

Diuell. No Ale villaine, spirits cannot drinke, come get vp on my backe, that I may carrie thee.

Clowne. You know I am a Smith sir, let mee loke whither you be wel shod or no, for if you want a shoe, a remoue, or the clinching of a naile, I am at your command.

Diuell. Thou hast neuer a shoe fit for me.

Clowne. Why sir, we shoe horned beasts as well as you, Oh God Lord, let me sit downe and laugh, hath neuer a clouen foot, a diuell quoth he, ile vse spiritus sanctus, nor nominus patrus no more to him, I warrant you, Ile do more good vpon him with my cudgell, now will I sit me downe and become Iustice of peace to the diuell.

Diuell. Come art thou readie?

Clowne. I am readie, And with this cudgell I will coniure thee.

Diuell. Oh hold thy hand, thou killst me, thou killst me.

Clowne. Then may I count my selfe I think a tall man, that am able to kill a diuell. Now who dare deale with me in the parish, or what wench in Niniuie will not loue me, when they say, there goes he that beat the diuell.

Enters Thrasibulus.

Thrasi. Loathed is the life that now inforc'd I lead,
But since necessitie will haue it so,
(Necessitie it doth command the Gods)
Through euery coast and corner now I prie.
To pilfer what I can to buie me meate.
Here haue I got a cloake not ouer old,
Which will affoord some little sustenance,
Now will I to the broaking Vsurer,
To make exchange of ware for readie coine.

Alcon. Wife bid the trumpets sound a prize, a prize, mark this posie, I cut this from a new married wife, by the help of a horne thombe and a knife, sixe shillings foure pence.

Smia. The better lucke ours, but what haue we here, cast apparell? Come away man, the Vsurer is neare, this is dead ware, let it not bite on our hands.

Thrasi. Here are my partners in my pouertie,
Inforc'd to seeke their fortunes as I do.
Ah-lasse that fewe men should possesse the wealth,
And many soules be forc'd to beg or steale.
Alcon well met.

Alcon. Fellow begger whither now?

Thrasi. To the Vsurer to get gold on commoditie.

Alcon. And I to the same place to get a vent for my villanie, see where the old crust comes, let vs salute him, God speed sir, may a man abuse your patience vpon a pawne?

Vsurer.

Vsurer. Friend let me see it.

Alcon. *Ecce signum*, a faire doublet and hose, now bought out of the pilferers shop, a handsome cloake.

Vsurer. How were they gotten?

Thras. How catch the fisher-men fish? Ph. take them as you thinke them worth, we leave all to your conscience.

Vsurer. Honest men, toward men, good men, my freinds, like to prooue good members, vse me, command me, I will maintaine your credits, there's mony, now spend not your time in idlenesse, bring me commodities, I haue crownes for you, there is two shillings for thee, and six shillings for thes.

Alcon. A bargaine, now Samia haue at it for a new smocke, come let vs to the spring of the best liquor, whilest this lasts, trilill.

Vsurer. Good fellowes, proper fellowes, my companions, farwell, I haue a pot for you.

Samia. If he could spare it.

Enters to them Ionas.

Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent,
The day of iudgement comes.
When greedie hearts shall glutted be with fire.
When as corruptions bauldie, shall be vnmasht.
When briberies shall be repaide with bane.
When whoredomes shall be recompenc'd in hell.
When riot shall with rigor be rewarded.
When as neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdaine of poore men, fatherlesse and sicke
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out.
There are as yet, but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne. *Exit.*

Vsurer.

Vſur. Confus'd in thought, oh whither ſhall I wende? (*Exit.*
Thraſi. My conſcience cries that I haue done amiſſe. (*Exit.*
Alcon. Oh God of heauen, gainſt thee haue I offended. (*Exit.*
Samia. Aſham'd of my miſdeeds, where ſhall I hide me? (*Exit.*
Cleſi. Father me thinks this word repent is good,
He that punish diſobedience.
Doth hold a ſcourge for euery priuie fault. (*Exit.*

Oſeas. Look London looke, with inward eies behold,
What leſſons the euents do here vnfold.
Sinne growne to pride, to miſerie is thrall,
The warning bell is rung, beware to fall.
Ye worldly men whom wealth doth lift on hie,
Beware and feare, for worldly men muſt die.
The time ſhall come, where leaſt reſpect remaines,
The ſword ſhall light vpon the wiſeſt braines.
The head that deemes to ouer-top the ſkie,
Shall periſh in his humaine pollicie.
Lo I haue ſaid, when I haue ſaid the truth,
When will is law, when folly guideth youth.
When ſhew of zeale is prankt in robes of zeale,
When Miniſters powle the pride of cõmon-weale?
When Law is made a laborinth of ſtrife,
When honour yeelds him freend to wicked life.
When Princes heare by others eares their follie,
When Vſury is moſt accounted holie.
If theſe ſhould hap, as wold to God they might not,
The plague is neare, I ſpeake although I write not.

Enters the Angell.

Angell. *Oſeas.*
Oſeas. Lord.
An. Now hath thine eies peruſ'd theſe hainous ſins,
Hateſull vnto the mightie Lord of hoſtes,
The time is come, their ſinnes are waxen ripe,
And though the Lord forewarnes, yet they repent not:

Cuſtome

Cuſtome of ſinne hath hardened all their hearts,
Now comes reuenge armed with mightie plagues,
To puniſh all that liue in Niniuie,
For God is iuſt, as he is mercifull,
And doubtleſſe plagues all ſuch as ſcorne repent,
Thou ſhalt not ſee the deſolation
That falles vnto theſe curſed Niniuites.
But ſhalt returne to great Hieruſalem,
And preach vnto the people of thy God,
What mightie plagues are incident to ſinne,
Vnleſſe repentance mittigate his ire:
Wrapt in the ſpirit as thou wert hither brought,
Ile ſeate thée in Iudeas prouinces,
Feare not Oſeas then to preach the word.
Oſeas. Thy will of the Lord be done.

Oſeas taken away.

Enters Raſni with his Viceroyes, Aluida and Ladies, to a banquet.

Raſni. So Viceroyes you haue pleaſde mee paſſing well,
Theſe curious cates are gratious in mine eye.
But theſe Bacchious of the richeſt wine,
Make me to thinke how blythſome we will be.
Seate thée faire Iuno in the royall throne,
And I will ſerue thée to ſee thy face,
That feeding on the beautie of thy lookes,
My ſtomacke and mine eyes may both be fild.
Come Lordings ſeate you, fellow mates at feaſt,
And frolicke wags, this is a day of glée,
This banquet is for brightſome Aluida.
Ile haue them ſhinckt my ſtanding bowles of wine,
And no man drinke, but quaffe a full carouſe,
Vnto the health of beautious Aluida.
For who ſo riſeth from this feaſt not drunke,
As I am Raſni, Niniuies great King,
Shall die the death as traitor to my ſelfe,

For that he ſcornes the health of Aluida.
K. Cili. That will I neuer do my Lord.
Therefore with fauour, fortune to your grace,
Carowſe vnto the health of Aluida.
Raſni. Gramercie Lording, here I take thy pledge.
And Creete to thee a bowle of Greekiſh wine,
Here to the health of Aluida.
Creete. Let come my Lord, Jack ſincker fill it ful,
I pledge vnto the health of heauenly Aluida.
Raſni. Vaſſals attendant on our royall feaſts,
Drinke you I ſay vnto my louers health,
Let none that is in Raſnes royall Court,
Go this night ſafe and ſober to his bed.

Enters the Clowne.

Clowne. This way he is, and here will I ſpeake with him.
Lord. Fellow, whither preſſeſt thou?
Clowne. I preſſe no bodie ſir, I am going to ſpeake with a friend of mine.
Lord. Why ſlaue, here is none but the king and his Vice-royes.
Clowne. The King, marry ſir he is the man I would ſpeake withall.
Lord. Why call'ſt him a friend of thine?
Clowne. I marry do I ſir, for if he be not my friend, ile make him my friend, ere he and I paſſe.
Lord. Away vaſſaile be gone, thou ſpeake vnto the king.
Clowne. I marry will I ſir, and if he were a king of velues, I will talke to him.
Raſni. Whats the matter there, what noiſe is that?
Clowne. A boone my Liege, a boone my Liege.
Raſni. What is it that great Raſni will not grant
This day, vnto the meaneſt of his land?
In honour of his beautious Aluida?
Come hither ſwaine, what is it that thou craueſt?
Clowne. Faith ſir nothing, but to ſpeake a few ſentences to your worſhip.

Rasni. Say, what is it?

Clown. I am sure sir you haue heard of the spirits that walke in the Citie here.

Rasni. I, what of that?

Clown. Truly sir, I haue an oration to tel you of one of them, and this it is.

Alui. Why goest not forward with thy tale?

Clowne. Faith mistresse, I feele an imperfection in my voice, a disease that often troubles mee, but alasse, easily mended, a cup of Ale, or a cup of Wine, will serue the turne.

Alui. Fill him a bowle, and let him want no drinke.

Clowne. O what a pretious word was that, and let him want no drinke. Well sir, now ile tell you forth my tale. Sir as I was comming alongst the port ryuale of Niniuie, there appeared to me a great diuell, and as hard fauoured a diuell as euer I saw: nay sir, he was a cuckoldly diuell, for hee had hornes on his head. This diuell, marke you now, presseth vppon me, and sir indeed, I charged him with my pike staffe: but when that would not serue, I came vpon him with *spiritus sanctus*, why it had bin able to haue put Lucifer out of his wits, when I saw my charme would not serue, I was in such a perplexitie, that fiue penny-worth of Iuniper would not haue made the place sweete againe.

Alui. Why fellow wert thou so afraid?

Clowne. Oh mistresse, had you beene there and seene, his very sight had made you shift a cleane smocke, I promise you though I were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my Landresse called me slouenly knaue the next day.

Rasni. A pleasaunt slaue, forward sirrha, on with thy tale.

Clown. Faith sir, but I remember a word that my mistresse your bed-fellow spoake.

Rasni. What was that fellow?

Clowne. Oh sir, a word of comfort, a pretious word: and let him want no drinke.

Rasni. Her word is lawe: and thou shalt want no drinke.

Clowne. When sir this diuell came vpon mee, and would not be perswaded, but he would needs carry me to hell, I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking because he came from so hotte a place, that he was thirstie, but the diuell was not drie, and therefore the more sory was I, well, there was no remedie, but I must with him to hell, and at last I cast mine eye aside, if you knew what I spied, you would laugh, sir I lookt from top to toe, and he had no clouen feete. Then I ruffled vp my haire, and set my cap on the one side, & sir grew to be a Justice of peace to the diuell. At last in a great fume, as I am very choloricke, and sometime so hotte in my fustin fumes, that no man can abide within twentie yards of me, I start vp, and so bombasted the diuell, that sir he cried out, and ranne away.

Alui. This pleasant knaue hath made me laugh my
Rasni, now Aluida begins her quaffe, (fill.
And drinkes a full carouse vnto her King.

Rasni. I pledge my loue, as hartie as great Ioue
Drunke, when his Iuno beau'd a bowle to him.
Frolicke my Lord, let all the standerds walke.
Ply it till euery man hath tane his load. (you?
How now sirrha, what cheere? we haue no words of

Clown. Truly sir, I was in a brown study about my mistresse.

Alui. About me, for what?

Clowne. Truly mistresse, to thinke what a golden sentence you did speake: all the philosophers in the world could not haue said more: what come let him want no drinke. Oh wise speech.

Alui. Villaines, why stinck you not vnto this fellow?
He makes me blyth and merry in my thoughts.
Heard you not that the King hath giuen command,
That all be drunke this day within his Court,
In quaffing to the health of Aluida?

Enters Ionas.

Ionas. Repent, repent, ye men of Niniuie repent.
The Lord hath spoken, and I do crie it out,
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Repent

Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.

Rasni. What fellow is this, that thus disturbs our seats,
With outcries and alarams to repent?

Clowne. Oh sir, tis one goodman Ionas that is come from Iericho, and surely I thinke hee hath seene some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he neuer leaues crying night nor day, my maister heard him, and he shut vp his shop, gaue me my Indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

Ionas. Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.

Rasni. Come hither fellow, what art, & from whence commest (thou?

Ionas. Rasni, I am a Prophet of the Lord,
Sent hither by the mightie God of hostes,
To cry destruction to the Niniuites,
O Niniuie, thou harlot of the world,
I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,
To come and see thy filthinesse and sinne.
Thus saith the Lord, the mightie God of hoste,
Your King loues chambering and wantonnesse,
Whoredome and murther do disdaine his Court,
He fauoureth couetous and drunken men.
Behold therefore all like a strumpet foule,
Thou shalt be iudg'd and punisht for thy crime:
The foe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes,
The fire shall quite consume thee from aboue.
The houses shall be burnt, the Infants slaine.
And women shall behold their husbands die.
Thine eldest Sister is Lamana.
And Sodome on thy right hand seated is.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cric it out.
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Exit. Offered.

Rasni. Staie Prophet, staie.

Ionas. Disturbe not him that sent me,
Let me performe the message of the Lord. *Exit.*

Raſni. My ſoule is buried in the hell of thoughts.
Ah Aluida, I loke on thee with ſhame.
My Lords on ſuddaine fire their eyes on ground,
As if diſmayd to loke vpon the heauens.
Hence Magi, who haue flattered me in ſinne.

Exit. His Sages.

Horror of minde, diſturbance of my ſoule,
Makes me agaſt, for Niniuies miſhap.
Lords ſee proclaym'd, yea ſee it ſtraight proclaim'd,
That man and beaſt, the woman and her childe,
For fortie daies in ſacke and aſhes faſt,
Perhaps the Lord will yeeld and pittie vs.
Beare hence theſe wretched blandiſhments of ſinne,
And bring me ſackcloth to attire your King.
Away with pompe, my ſoule is full of woe:
In pittie loke on Niniuie, O God.

Exit. A man.

Alui. Affaild with ſhame, with horror ouerborne,
To ſorrowes ſold, all guiltie of our ſinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray,
Ah-laſſe, how dare we loke on heauenly light,
That haue diſpiſde the maker of the ſame?
How may we hope for mercie from aboue,
That ſtill deſpiſe the warnings from aboue?
Woes me, my conſcience is a heauie foe.
O patron of the poore oppreſt with ſinne,
Loke, loke on me, that now for pittie craue,
Affaild with ſhame, with horror ouerborne,
To ſorrow ſold, all guiltie of our ſinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.

Exeunt.

Enter the Vſurer, *ſolus*, with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.

Vſurer. Groning in conſcience, burdened with my (crimes,
The hell of ſorrow haunts me vp and downe.

Tread where I liſt, mée-thinkes the bléeding ghoſtes
Of thoſe whom my corruption brought to noughts,
Do ſerue for ſtumbling blocks before my ſteppes.
The fatherleſſe and widow wrongd by me.
The poore oppreſſed by my vſurie,
Mee-thinkes I ſée their hands reard vp to heauen,
To crie for vengeance of my couetouſneſſe.
Where ſo I walke, Ile ſigh and ſhun my way.
Thus am I made a monſter of the world,
Hell gapes for me, heauen will not hold my ſoule.
Yon mountaines ſhrowde me from the God of truth.
Mée-thinkes I ſée him ſit to iudge the earth.
Sée how he blots me out of the booke of life.
Oh burthen more then Aetna that I beare.
Couer me hills, and ſhroude me from the Lord.
Swallow me Licas, ſhield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I heare,
Mée-thinkes the ſentence of damnation ſounds,
Die reprobate, and hie thée hence to hell.

The euill angell tempteth him, offering the knife and rope.

What fiend is this that tempts me to the death?
What is my death the harbour of my reſt?
Then let me die: what ſecond charge is this?
Mée-thinke, I heare a voice amidſt mine eares,
That bids me ſtaie: and tels me that the Lord
Is mercifull to thoſe that do repent.
May I repent? oh thou my doubtfull ſoule?
Thou maiſt repent, the iudge is mercifull.
Hence toles of wrath, ſtales of temptation,
For I will pray and ſigh vnto the Lord.
In ſackcloth will I ſigh, and faſting pray:
O Lord in rigor looke not on my ſinnes.

He ſits him down in ſack-cloathes, his hands and eyes reared to heauen.

Enters

A looking Glaſſe, for

Enters Aluida with her Ladies, with diſpierſed lookes.

Alui. Come mournfull dames lay off your browed locks,
And on your ſhoulders ſpread diſpierſed haires,
Let voice of muſicke ceaſe, where ſorrow dwels.
Cloathed in ſackcloaths, ſigh your ſinnes with me.
Bemone your pride, bewaile your lawleſſe luſts,
With faſting mortifie your pampered loines:
Oh thinke vpon the horrour of your ſinnes.
Think, think, with me, the burthen of your blames,
Woe to thy pompe, fall, beautie, fading flowre,
Blaſted by age, by ſickneſſe, and by death.
Woe to our painted cheekes, our curious eyes,
Our rich array, that foſtered vs in ſinne.
Woe to our idle thoughts that wound our ſoules.
Oh would to God, all nations might receiue,
A good example by our grieuous fall. (dwels,

Ladies. You that are planted there where pleaſure
And thinkes your pompe as great as Niniues,
May fall for ſinne as Niniue doth now.

Alui. Mourn, mourn, let moane be all your melodie,
And pray with me, and I will pray for all.

Lord. O Lord of heauen forgiue vs our miſdeeds.

Ladies. O Lord of heauen forgiue vs our miſdeeds.

Vſurer. O Lord of light forgiue me my miſdeeds.

Enters Raſni, the kings of Aſſiria, with his nobles in ſackcloath.

K. Cilicia. Be not ſo ouercome with greefe O king,
Leaſt you indanger life by ſorrowing ſo.

Raſni. King of Cilicia, ſhould I ceaſe my greefe,
Where as my ſwarming ſinnes aflict my ſoule?
Vaine man know, this my burthen greater is,
Then euery priuate ſubiect in my land:
My life hath beene a loadſtarre vnto them,
To guide them in the labyrinth of blame,
Thus I haue taught them for to do amiſſe:

Then

Then muſt I weepe my friende for their amiſſe,
The fall of Niniuie is wrought by me;
I haue maintaind this Citie in her ſhame.
I haue contemn'd the warnings from aboue.
I haue vpholden inceſt, rape, and ſpoile.
Tis I that wrought thy ſinne, muſt weepe thy ſinne.
Oh had I teares like to the ſiluer ſtreames,
That from the Alpine Mountaines ſweetly ſtreame,
Or had I ſighes the treaſures of remorſe,
As plentifull as Æolus hath blaſts,
I then would tempt the heauens with my laments,
And pierce the throane of mercy by my ſighes.

K.Cil. Heauens are propitious vnto faithfull prayers.

Raſni. But after our repent, we muſt lament:
Leaſt that a worſer miſchiefe doth befall.
Oh pray, perhaps the Lord will pitie vs.
O God of truth both mercifull and iuſt,
Behold repentant men with pitious eyes,
We waile the life that we haue led before,
Oh pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Omnes. O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Raſni. Let not the Infants dallying on the tent,
For fathers ſinnes in iudgement be oppreſt.

K.Cil. Let not the painfull mothers big with child,
The innocents be puniſht for our ſinne.

Raſni. O pardon Lord, O pittie Niniuie.

Omnes. O pardon Lord, O pittie Niniuie.

Raſni. O Lord of heauen, the virgins weepe to thee.
The couetous man ſorie for his ſinne.
The Prince and poore, all pray before thy throane.
And wilt thou then be wroth with Niniuie?

K.Cil. Giue truce to prayer O king, and reſt a ſpace.

Raſni. Giue truce to prayers, when times require no truce?
No Princes no. Let all our ſubiects hie
Vnto our temples, where on humbled knees,
I will expect ſome mercy from aboue. Enter the temple *Omnes.*

Enters Ionas, ſolus.

Ionas. This is the day wherein the Lord hath ſaid.

That Niniuie ſhall quite be ouerthrowne.
This is the day of horror and miſhap,
Fatall vnto the curſed Niniuites.
Theſe ſtately Towers ſhall in thy watery bounds,
Swift flowing Licas find their burials,
Theſe pallaces the pride of Aſſurs kings,
Shall be the bowres of deſolation,
Where as the ſolitary bird ſhall ſing,
And Tygers traine their young ones to their neſt.
O all ye nations bounded by the Weſt,
Ye happie Iles, where Prophets do abound,
Ye Cities famous in the weſterne world,
Make Niniuie a preſident for you.
Leaue leaud deſires, leaue couetous delights.
Flie vſurie, let whoredome be exilde,
Leaſt you with Niniuie be ouerthrowne.
Loe how the sunnes inflamed torch preuailes,
Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth.
Here will I ſit me downe and fire mine eye
Vpon the ruines of yon wretched Towne,
And lo a pleaſant ſhade, a ſpreading vine,
To ſhelter Ionas in this sunny heate,
What meanes my God, the day is done end ſpent.
Lord ſhall my Prophecie be brought to nought?
When falles the fire? when will the iudge be wroth?
I pray thee Lord remember what I ſaid,
When I was yet within my country land,
Iehouah is to mercifull I feare.
O let me flie before a Prophet fault,
For thou art mercifull the Lord my God,
Full of compaſſion, and ſufferance,
And doeſt repent in taking punishment.
Why ſtaies thy hand? O Lord firſt take my life,
Before my Prophecie be brought to nought.
Ah he is wroth, behold the gladſome vine
That did defend me from the sunny heate,
Is withered quite, and ſwallowed by a Serpent.

A ſerpent deuoureth the vine.

Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my browes,
And heate preuailes, and I am faint in heart.

Enters the Angell.

Angell. Art thou so angry Ionas? tell me why?
Ionas. Iehouah, I with burning heate am plungd,
And shadowed onely by a silly vine.
Behold a Serpent hath deuoured it.
And lo the sunne incenst by Easterne winde,
Afflicts me with Caricular aspect,
Would God that I might die, for well I wot,
Twere better I were dead, then rest aliue.
Angell. Ionas art thou so angry for the vine,
Ionas. Yea I am angry to the death my God.
Angell. Thou hast compassion Ionas on a vine,
On which thou neuer labour didst bestow,
Thou neuer gauest it life or power to grow,
Bud suddainly it spring, and suddainly dide.
And should not I haue great compassion
On Niniuie the Citie of the Lord,
Wherein there are a hundred thousand soules,
And twentie thousand infants that ne wot
The right hand from the left, besides much cattle.
Oh Ionas, looke into their Temples now,
And see the true contrition of their King:
The subiects teares, the sinners true remorse.
Then from the Lord proclaime a mercie day,
For he is pittifull as he is iust.

Exit, Angelus.

Ionas. I go my God to finish thy command,
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God:
Or talke his praises with a feruent tong.
He bringeth downe to hell, and lifts to heauen.
He drawes the yoake of bondage from the iust,
And lookes vpon the Heathen with pitrous eyes,
To him all praise and honour be ascribed.
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God,
He makes the infant to proclaime his truth,

The asse to speake, to saue the Prophets life.
The earth and sea to yeeld increase for man.
Who can describe the compasse of his power?
Or testifie in termes his endlesse might?
My rauisht spright, oh whither doest thou wend?
Go and proclaime the mercy of my God.
Relieue the carefull hearted Niniuites.
And as thou weart the messenger of death,
Go bring glad tydings of recouered grace.

Enters Adam solus, with a bottle of beer in one shop, and a great peece of beefe in an other.

Wel god-man Ionas, I would you had neuer come from Iury to this Country, you haue made me loke like a leane rib of roast beefe, or like the picture of lent, painted vpon a read-herings cob. Alasse maisters, we are commanded by the proclamation to fast and pray, by my troth I could prettely so, so, away with praying, but for fasting, why tis so contrary to my nature, that I had rather suffer a short hanging, then a long fasting. Marke me, the words be these. Thou shalt take no maner of foode for so many daies. I had as leeue he should haue said, thou shalt hang thy selfe for so many daies. And yet in faith I need not finde fault with the proclamation, for I haue a buttry, and a pantry, and a kitchin, about me, for prose, *Ecce signum*, this right hop is my pantry, behold a manchet, this place is my kitchin, for loe a peece of beefe. Oh let me repeat that sweet word againe: For loe a peece of beef. This is my buttry, for see, see, my friends, to my great ioy, a bottle of beere. Thus alasse, I make shift to weare out this fasting, I driue away the time, but there go Searchers about to seeke if any man breakes the kings command. Oh here they be, in with your victuals Adam.

Enters two Searchers.

1. Searcher. How duly the men of Niniuie keep the proclamation, how are they armde to repentance: we haue searcht through the whole Citie & haue not as yet found one that breaks the fast.

2. Sear. The signe of the more grace, but staie, here sits one mee-thinkes at his praiers, let vs see who it is.

1. Sear. Tis Adam, the Smithes man, how now Adam.

Adam. Trouble me not, thou shalt take no maner of foode, but

faſt and pray.

1. Sear. How deuoutly he ſits at his orations, but ſtay, me thinkes I ſæle a ſmell of ſome meate or bread about him.

2. Sear. So thinkes me too, you ſirrha, what victuals haue you about you?

Adam. Victuals! Oh horrible blaſphemie! Hinder me not of my praier, nor driue me not into a chollor, victualles! why hardſt thou not the ſentence, thou ſhalt take no foode but faſt and pray?

2. Sear. Truth ſo it ſhould be, but me-thinkes I ſmell meate about thée.

Adam. About me my friends, theſe words are actions in the Caſe, about me, No, no: hang thoſe gluttons that cannot faſt and pray.

1. Sear. Well, for all your words, we muſt ſearch you.

Adam. Search me, take hæd what you do, my hoſe are my caſtles, tis burglary if you breake ope a ſlop, no officer muſt lift vp an iron hatch, take hæde my ſlops are iron.

2. Sear. Oh villaine, ſæ how he hath gotten victailes, bread, bæfe, and bære, where the king commanded vpon paine of death none ſhould eate for ſo many daies, no not the ſucking infant.

Adam. Alaſſe ſir, this is nothing but a *modicum non necet vt medicus daret*, why ſir, a bit to comfort my ſtomacke.

1. Sear. Villaine thou ſhalt be hangd for it.

Adam. Theſe are your words, I ſhall be hangd for it, but firſt anſwer me to this queſtion, how many daies haue we to faſt ſtil?

2. Sear. Fiue daies.

Adam. Fiue daies, a long time, then I muſt be hangd?

1. Sear. I marry muſt thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you ſir, for I had rather be hangd, thē abide ſo long a faſt, what fiue daies? come ile vntruſſe, is your halter and the gallowes, the ladder, and all ſuch furniture in readineſſe?

1. Sear. I warrant thée, ſhalt want none of theſe.

Adam. But heare you, muſt I be hangd?

1. Sear. I marry.

Adam. And for eating of meate, then friends, know ye by theſe preſents, I will eate vp all my meate, and drink vp all my drinke, for it ſhall neuer be ſaid, I was hangd with an emptie ſtomack.

1. Sear. Come away knaue, wilt thou stand feeding now?

Adam. If you be hastie, hang your selfe an houre while I come to you, for surely I will eate vp my meate.

2. Sear. Come lets draw him away perforce.

Adam. You say there is fiue daies yet to fast, these are your

2. Sear. I sir. (words.

Adam. I am for you, come lets away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles. (ded.

Enter Ionas, Rasni, Aluida, kings of Cilicia, others royally attē-

Ionas. Come carefull King, cast off thy mourfull weedes,
Exchange thy cloudie lookes to smothed smiles,
Thy teares haue pierc'd the pitious throane of grace,
Thy sighes like Imence pleasing to the Lord:
Haue here peace-offerings for thy former pride.
Reioyce and praise his name that gaue thee peace.
And you faire Nymphs, ye louely Niniuites,
Since you haue wept and fasted for the Lord,
He graciously haue tempered his reuenge,
Beware hencefoorth to tempt him any more,
Let not the niceneſſe of your beautious lookes,
Ingraft in you a high presuming mind e,
For those that climbe, he casteth to the ground,
And they that humble be, he lifts aloft.

Rasni. Lowly I bend with awfull bent of eye,
Before the dread Iehouah, God of hoste,
Despising all prophane deuice of man,
Those lustfull lures that whilome led awry,
My wanton eyes shall wound my heart no more:
And she whose youth in dalliance I abus'd,
Shall now at last become my wedlocke mate.
Faire Aluida looke not so woe begone:
If for thy sinne thy sorrow do exceed,
Blessed be thou, come with thy holy hand,
Lets knit a knot to salue our former shame.

Alu. With blushing lookes betokening my remorse,
I lowly yeeld my King to thy behest,
So as this man of God shall thinke it good.

Ionas. Woman, amends may neuer come so late,

I will thou practise goodneſſe, & vertuouſneſſe,
The God of heauen when ſinners do repent,
Doth more reioyce then in ten thouſand iuſt.
Raſni. Then witneſſe holie Prophet our accord.
Alui. Plight in the preſence of the Lord thy God.
Ionas. Bleſt may you be, like to the flouring ſheaues
That plaie with gentle windes in ſummer tide,
Like Oliue branches let your children ſpred:
And as the Pines in loftie Libanon,
Or as the kids that fæd on Lepher plaines,
So be the ſeede and offſprings of your loines,
Enters the Vſurer, Gentleman, and Alcon.
Vſurer. Come forth my frends, whom wittingly I
Before this man of God, receiue your due, (wrongd,
Before our king I meane to make my peace.
Ionas, behold in ſigne of my remorſe,
I heare reſtore into theſe poore mens hands,
Their goods which I vniuſtly haue retaind,
And may the heauens ſo pardon my miſdeeds,
As I am penitent for my offence.
Thraſi. And what through want, from others I pur-
Behold O King, I proffer forth thy throane. (loynd,
To be reſtored to ſuch as owe the ſame.
Ionas. A vertuous deed pleaſing to God and man,
Would God all Cities drowned in like ſhame,
Would take example of theſe Niniuites.
Raſni. Such be the fruites of Niniuies repent,
And ſuch for euer may our dealings be,
That he that cald vs home in height of ſinne,
May ſmile to ſee our heartie penitence.
Viceroyes proclaime a faſt vnto the Lord,
Let Iſraels God be honoured in our land.
Let all occaſion of corruption die.
For who ſhall fault therein, ſhall ſuffer death.
Beare witneſſe God, of my vnfained zeale.
Come holy man, as thou ſhalt counſaile me,
My Court and Citie ſhall reformed be.

Exeunt.

A looking Glasse, for

Ionas. Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course,
You Flanders on whom the milder aire
Doth sweetly breath the balme of kinde increase:
Whose lands are fatned with the dewe of heauen,
And made more fruitfull then Aetean plaines.
You whom delitious pleasures dandle soft:
Whose eyes are blinded with securitie,
Vnmaske your selues, cast error cleane aside.
O London, mayden of the mistresse Ile,
Wrapt in the foldes and swathing cloutes of shame.
In thee more sinnes then Ninuie contames.
Contempt of God, dispight of reuerend age.
Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poore:
Corruption, whordome, drunkennesse, and pride.
Swolne are thy brows with impudence and shame.
O proud adulterous glorie of the West,
Thy neighbors burns, yet dost thou feare no fire.
Thy Preachers crie, yet dost thou stop thine eares.
The larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.
London awake, for feare the Lord do frowne,
I set a loking Glasse before thine eyes.
O turne, O turne, with weeping to the Lord,
And thinke the praiers and vertues of thy Queene,
Defers the plague, which otherwise would fall.
Repent O London, least for thine offence,
Thy shepheard faile, whom mightie God preserue,
That she may bide the pillar of his Church,
Against the stormes of Romish Antichrist:
Thy hand of mercy ouerhead her head,
And let all faithfull subiects say, Amen.

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

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Lodge, Thomas
A looking glasse for London
and England

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